THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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THE PRISONER'S DAISY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

["One autumn was once looking through the 'inspection' hole of a cell, and perceived the inmate, with her elbows on the table, gazing on a daisy, which she had plucked from a patch of grass during her rounds. The wistful look of that woman at her stolen prize, was a gleam of as true sentiment as ever breathed in a poet's lines. * * * The woman wept at last, dropped her head down on the table between her hands, and shed her bitter tears silently and noiselessly. * * * Six months afterwards I saw that flower pressed between the leaves of her Bible."—*Sat. Eve. Post, Dec, 13th. Art. "Female Life in Prison."*]

Why gaze I on thy beauty still,
Thou fading thing so fair and frail?
Hast thou the power my heart to thrill,
Thou plaything of the springtime gale?
Long from that heart has hope been fled,
Say, canst thou wake her from the dead?

The sunlight of my soul is gone;
Within my breast all, all is drear,
Ay! hardened as this dungeon stone!
And hast thou power to melt me here?
Canst thou in this dead spirit raise
One thought, one note of better days?

My better thoughts are in their tomb,
Dark crime has seared my spirit long,
Yet, flower, thou seem'st amid the gloom,
Sweet as remembered childhood's song;
Why dost thou wake in memory's train
Forms, scenes, I ne'er may view again?

Away! away! why will ye rise,
Ye loved and lost of childhood's hours!
My mother with her loving eyes,
Her grave o'ergrown with sweet wild flowers,
Ah! mother! could the prisoner rest
One moment more upon thy breast!

What! tears!—oh, long their melting tide
Had ceased my hollow cheek to stain!
Methought their fount for aye had dried,
Yet memory brings them back again,
And heaves my breast with sobs as wild
As when I was a little child.

Ah! tender flower! the dungeon-chill,
So ghastly cold, hath bound me long,
Hath curdled feeling's every rill,
And hushed in death hope's latest song:
Yet has thy sweet face waked in me
The morning light of memory.

And to the prisoner's weary breast
Once more a long lost glow is given,
A tender, trembling hope of rest
Which still e'en I may find in heaven;
A longing for that better birth,
Which frees from all the sins of earth.

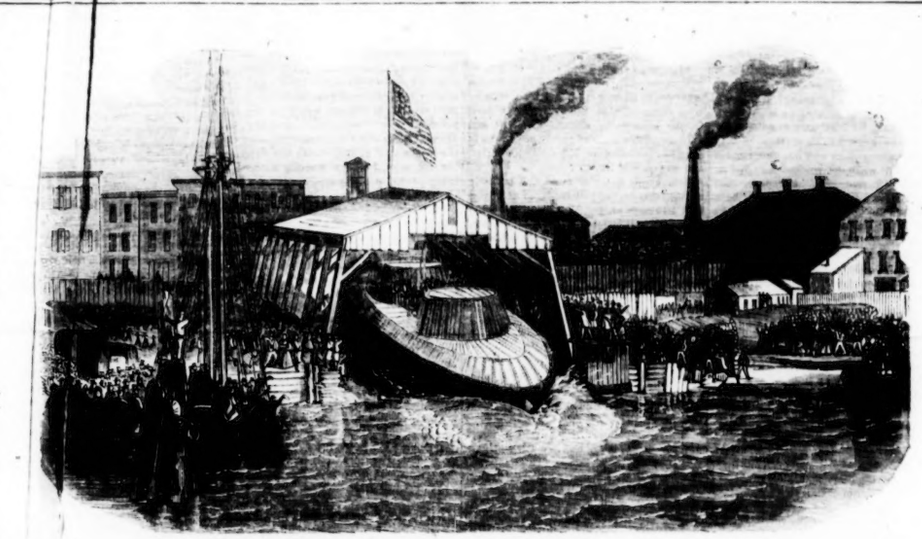
Oh! little flower! thy silent call,
In loving cadence seems to tell
That He who marks the sparrow's fall,
Yet pitying views the outcast's cell,
And points, though earthly hope has died,
My lost heart to the Crucified.

Come! in the Book whose pages speak
Of Him who once for sinners died,
I'll place thee, flower, whilst down my cheek
The penitential waters glide:
Wet, as I hide thee thus from view,
With sorrow's tears for morning dew.

FRANK.

OUTSIDE THE PATH.—An incident is related in the "Life" of the late President Smith, of the Vermont University, showing his manner of reproof, which illustrates a truth well worth knowing, for the benefit of others than the readers of the memoir:

A young man recently converted, was subject to great depression of spirits. Dr Smith inquired of him how he was getting along. He replied that he found the Christian path a gloomy one. "The thorns," said Dr. Smith, "lie *outside the path.* Let the worldly-minded whose attention is inordinately engrossed with trials and pains, strive to serve both God and Mammon, and he will, doubtless, find the path ever choking the good



OUR IRON-CLAD NAVY—LAUNCH OF THE KEOKUK.

The 8th of December will prove an eventful day in the history of our iron clad navy. The Whitney battery, Keokuk, and the Ericsson batteries, Catskill and Nantucket, were launched, the first two at New York, the latter at Boston. The launch of the Keokuk took place from the Dry Dock Iron Works, foot of 11th street, East River, on the 8th inst. Admiral Gregory, Capt. Rodgers, of the Galena, Capt. Rhind, of the Keokuk, and many prominent men were present. The vessel was towed off the stocks, but when set in motion launched well, and was exceedingly buoyant.

The novelty of her construction chiefly consists in—

1st. The armor of the hull, and its arrangements.

2d. The mode of making her turret.

3d. The speed of the ship.

The armor with which the construction of Monitors has made us Americans familiar, consists of iron plates laid over one another. Mr. Whitney has adopted a new and novel plan. Over a groundwork of half inch rolled plates there are bars of iron four inches thick, alternating with strips of yellow pine, of about equal thickness; over all these, then, there are two or three five-eight inch plates of iron; so that, in reality, the exclusively iron mail on the outside is not quite two inches thick, while the whole armor, the iron edge, wooden lining and plates together make over six.

The turret is somewhat similarly made. The Keokuk's turrets have the four inch iron bars, inside or outside of the five-eight plates, and although "the turret has six and a half inches of iron," only two inches or less of it is laid on in the plates, the rest being edge-turned bars, which, as in the hull, frequently alternate with strips of pine, so that the exclusively iron armor of the turret is only two inches, while the mass taken together is deemed by many as strong as if the plates were laid over each other.

The Keokuk was to be a "ten knot vessel" when she was originally designed, but more iron having been put on her than was intended, it is conceded that she will lose a knot thereby, or only make nine. A steam-ram must be able to catch the vessel she wishes to destroy, and to strike her with as much velocity as possible. It is to make the Keokuk this kind of craft that Mr. Whitney has so assiduously labored. Her engines are 500 horse power, and if they drive her nine miles an hour, as the authorities expect, it would be easy to build one four times her size with proportionate speed.

It is, therefore, as a ram, well guarded, more than an impregnable, iron clad, that the Keokuk challenges criticism.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.*

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

Though we could hardly hope to meet with a model lodger again, like the Rev. Mr. Adolphus, who had been with us ever since we began housekeeping, it was certainly desirable—so Annie and I concluded—to have a lodger of some kind, even if it were an inferior description of the article, for my salary at that time, as junior clerk in the respectable banking firm of Lawes and Fielding, was more prospective than real; sufficient, perhaps, for a bachelor of economic taste, but sadly out of proportion with the needs of a married man.

It being decided, therefore, that a second lodger was a necessary evil, a card notifying that Apartments for a Single Gentleman were to be let within, took its place in our window; but week after week passed away, winter faded into spring, spring lost itself in summer, and still we remained without a single applicant for our very genteel and commodious rooms.

The hot days of June were drawing to a close when, on reaching home one evening from the office, I saw by the sparkle in my wife's eye that she had something particular to tell me, and I was scarcely seated before the news burst out.

"Tom, dear, we have got a lodger at last!"

"Did you say a lodger?" I cried, starting up. "Another poor victim come to the net—to be cheated, worried, bullied, and fleeced unmercifully! What is the wretched individual's name?"

"Mr. James Twoshoes."

"A very ancient and honorable name, well known in nursery history. Describe him."

"Let's not much about him, to describe. He is like any other commonplace gentleman whose drawing on towards middle age, with little in his appearance to Battigrain. I'm from any one else. He is about five and forty years old, as near as I can judge, 5ft. 8in. black hair, with just a tinge of gray in it, no beard or whiskers; dressed in a neat, glossy suit of black clothes; wears black gloves—much too long in the fingers, and an old-fashioned black satin stock, fastened with a little pearl brooch. He has a good-tempered looking face, lighted up by two quick, black eyes. He is deaf to a very slight extent, and you have to elevate your voice when speaking to him. He has a habit of carrying his head forward a little, and partly on one side, which gives him the appearance of being continually listening for something which he is expecting every moment to hear."

"A description worthy of a passport—When does he arrive?"

"About noon to-morrow. He sleeps at one of the hotels to-night. But I forgot to say that he will only be a temporary lodger. He has engaged the rooms by the week, as his stay in Marshallow will only be a short one. He may want the rooms for one month, two months, or three months, he said, just as the factory takes him, and dependent on how soon he grows tired of our little town."

"Ah, well! I suppose a temporary lodger is better than none. What references did he give?"

"References!" exclaimed Annie, in blank dismay. "Upon my word, I was so taken up with the idea of letting the rooms, that I forgot all about references."

"Through which forgetfulness," I said, severely, you introduce into the house a person of whom we know absolutely nothing."

"Oh! he's thoroughly respectable, my dear; you may tell that at once from his appearance."

"No doubt. Forgers and genteel pickpockets are generally men of very respectable appearance. Their respectability is part of their stock in trade. This fellow, for anything we know to the contrary, may be one of the two men who broke out of a London prison only the other day, come down to this little place to hide till the affair has blown over." Saying, however, that Annie was inclined to impose into a "model tenant," I added, with my usual good nature: "But don't distress yourself about it; it may turn out all right, you know; and I can see him for his references when he comes to-morrow."

Punctual to appointment, Mr. Twoshoes arrived at noon the following day, and I must confess that my wife's description of him was not overdone and faithful, that I can find nothing to add to it. A portmanteau and a writing-case formed the whole of our new lodger's luggage.

"Mr. Starling, I suppose?" he said, with a pleasant smile, and a hearty shake of the hand. "I hope we shall get on on another. I am sure I shall not be my fault if we don't. Two old city men of peace," he went on, after we had introduced him to his rooms. "I am quite in love with it already. I flatter myself that I have always retained a dash of poetry in my composition, notwithstanding that my life has been such a hard and practical one; and if anything can revive that sentiment within my breast, it would be the sight of your grand old cathedral; and I may tell you, in confidence, that when I, James Twoshoes, was rambling through its aisles this morning, I felt more than half inclined to try my hand at a sonnet."

He sat down as he said this, and laughed in a hearty way that it did one good to listen to. Who could ask such a man for references? From that moment I gave up the idea as an absurdity.

"Your good lady," he went on, "has, I presume, told you that I am only here for a short time. My stay may be limited to three weeks, or it may extend over three months. For my part, I'm a fellow who always makes a point of giving way to my whims. So long as a place takes my fancy, there I stick, as fast as a barnacle, till some fine morning a whim pops into my brain, and then, hey, presto! I'm off by the first train—whither I know, at the time, no more than the man in the moon. Rather an uncomfortable, vagabond sort of existence, you probably think. So it is. I grant it. But what can a fellow do whose whims are the master of him? Give way to them, of course; and that's just what I do. Well, well," he went on, "I've seen many a more lively and populous place than Marshallow that hasn't pleased me half so well. I'll take a cutlet for dinner, if you please, and any little pastry you may have on hand."

I saw nothing more of Mr. Twoshoes that day, for when I reached home in the evening, he was seated upstairs in his own room, as my wife told me, smoking an innocuous meerschaum, in company with some gin and water and a newspaper. To say that my wife and I were prepossessed in favor of our new lodger, is merely to state the bare fact of the case. We were delighted with him, and felt sure that he would bear comparison with even such a model individual as the Rev. Mr. Adolphus.

Mr. Twoshoes went out in the course of the following forenoon, and shortly returned, bringing with him a canary and cage, which he proceeded to hang up in his room with evident delight; and on the bird turning out to be a female wanderer, he had Annie and me specially upstairs to listen to it, and give him our opinion as to its qualifications. In the course of this day, too, we discovered that our lodger was a perfect mine on the flute. My heart was tenderness in his room in a wonderful manner

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eshoes. Captain Julius seemed
interested in the subject, and cross-
d Dick upon it in a smiling, affable
I reverted to it again and again
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s really nothing more to be learnt.
finished their wine, they left the
ol strolled arm-in-arm through the
now lighted up and thronged with a
y crowd, till they reached the house of
ick's brother in law; and then, after a hearty
shake of the hand, and an arrangement that
Dick should call on the captain at his hotel
at eleven the next morning, they separated.
Dick, who was still in a somewhat elevated
mood, lingered at the door for a few minutes
to finish his cigar. While thus standing he
heard the Minster clock strike ten, and put
his hand to his pocket to draw out his watch.
But there was no watch left for him to find.
—his pocket had been neatly and dexterously
picked of his gold repeater, value twenty five
guineas. Quite sober by this time, and in a
very queer humor, Master Dick walked down
to the police-station to give notice of his loss.
How Captain Julius would laugh at him in
the morning for being such a greenhorn as
to allow his pocket to be picked! If he could
only induce the captain to go fishing with
him, he would let him see that with a rod
and line he knew a thing or two—that in
matters piscatorial he was not altogether a
novice! But when he reached the hotel on
the following morning, the captain had
flown, leaving a message that he had been
telegraphed for, and obliged to depart by the
6 A. M., train; but that he hoped to revisit
Markhallow in the course of a few weeks,
and would not then fail to hunt up his
friend, Mr. Dereham. Dick returned home
in a peraive mood, and spent a melancholy
day in the manufacture of artificial flies.

A certain evening, about a week later, found Dick enjoying his cigar as usual on the step outside the door. Mr. Twoshoes was from home on some mysterious errand; my wife and her aunt were drinking tea at a neighbor's in the next street; the servant was supposed to be gone to see her mother, but was in reality taking a pleasant ramble among the lanes with her "young man," so that Dick had the whole establishment to himself. The shadows were creeping up the streets, and Dick was thinking about turning, when his attention was drawn to the peculiar movements of a stranger on the other side of the way. Dick had noticed him a minute or two before, staring very earnestly at the house; had then seen him move slowly down the street, then slowly return, in a sidling, purposeless sort of way; and now for the second time he had planted himself directly opposite the house, and seemed to be taking a silent mental photograph of it.—While Dick was still looking at him, and wondering what he could possibly be about, the stranger, in a cautious manner, beckoned him to approach; and on his repeating the movement, Dick quitted the steps and plunged across the street, by no means pleased at receiving so unceremonious a summons. The stranger was a burly, whiskerless man, with shifty, quick glancing eyes, and a mouth that seemed purposely formed for the imbibition of strong waters; his voice being a *basso profundo*, with a slight chronic wheeze in the lower notes.

"Your name is Richard Dereham, is it not?" he said, seizing Dick by a button as soon as the latter got within arm's length.

"I have reason to believe that it is," answered Dick, "but would not like to take long odds on the point."

"None of your chaff, young gentleman, if you please. All I want is a few straightforward answers from you. Attend. Is there not living in the same house with you an individual who goes by the name of Mr. James Twoshoes?"

Dick rubbed his nose: he began to feel interested.

"I cannot answer any of your questions," he said, "till I know what your object is in asking them; and something more about you."

"If you must know, you must," said the other. "My name is Jibble. I am, in fact, Inspector Jibble, of the Metropolitan Detective Force, and I am not asking these questions without a purpose in view."

"Now I can answer you," said Dick. "Mr. James Twoshoes does live in the house opposite."

"Good. Have you noticed anything out of the common, anything eccentric or mysterious in the conduct or habits of this Mr. Twoshoes?"

"I have," replied Dick, exactly. And without further questioning he told all that he knew, suspected, and surmised respecting the unhappy Twoshoes.

"Quite coincides with the information I have received from head-quarters," remarked the inspector, patronizingly, when Dick had finished. "One or two more questions, and I have done. Is Mr. Twoshoes in his rooms at the present time?"

"He is not—he will probably not be home for several hours; in fact, there's no one in the house at present—and that reminds me that I have left the front door open."

"No one in the house at present, eh?" said the inspector, musingly, as he balanced himself on his heels, and jingled the loose cash in his pocket. "Now, Mr. Dereham, I'll be frank with you. I have in my pocket at the present moment a warrant for the apprehension of James Twoshoes. You may well start, . He is one of the cleverest and most thorough paced rogues going. I have been on his track for a long time, but he is such a slippery customer that I have hitherto had nothing tangible to go upon. I have never been able to take him in the fact. But I have got something to work on at last, and I should have taken him this morning had I not received a telegram from head-quarters requesting me to wait till to-morrow.—This little delay will probably enable us to secure the whole gang of forgers with which he is connected, and of which he is the chief. They are all to meet at a certain place at noon to-morrow. At present Twoshoes is out—a fact, by the way, of which I was perfectly aware before I came to see you; and what I now want is to make an investigation of his rooms before he returns, for I have reason to believe that among his papers there is a list of names of which I am exceedingly desirous of having a private view before going on my little expedition to-morrow. Will you, therefore, my good Mr. Dereham, just wait outside the door for a few minutes, while I proceed up-stairs and do my duty? and should Mr. T. arrive in the meantime you must contrive to detain him for a minute or two, till I have time to get out of the way. I must really compliment you, my young friend, on your powers of discrimination in this matter. You were not deceived by the specious pretences of this clever rogue!"

They walked across the road together, and Dick stationed himself outside the door, while Jibble went about his little perquisition up-stairs. He was not away more than five minutes, and Dick was still on the watch when he came down.

"Just as I expected," he said. "Most valuable information. Must say good-bye for the present. Shall be happy to take a glass of wine with you, when this little affair is over. In the meanwhile, silence—secrecy!" and with an affable wave of the hand the burly inspector lumbered rapidly down the street, and was quickly lost to view.

In a happy frame of mind, and perfectly satisfied that he had just rendered an important service to society, Dick lighted another cigar, and still maintained his post of observation outside the door. His thoughts had gone wandering off by degrees towards a certain young lady, and he felt himself getting quite sentimental, a most unusual frame of mind for him, when, much to his surprise, he saw the cheery figure of Mr. Twoshoes bearing down on him from the other side of the way.

"How innocent he looks—the cunning old fox!" murmured Dick to himself. "He little thinks how neatly the trap is baited for him. I durst wager five yellow boys that he won't look quite so cheerful to-morrow night at this time."

Mr. Twoshoes was evidently in a hurry, for, without pausing, he bade Dick a pleasant good night, and then passed rapidly up-stairs to his own room, where Dick heard him the next minute striking a light.

"Mr. Richard Dereham," called Mr. Twoshoes, gently over the bannisters, a minute or two afterwards, "will you oblige me by stepping up-stairs?"

Wondering greatly, Dick complied, though not without some hesitation.

Mr. Twoshoes was slowly rubbing his chin with one hand as Dick entered the room.—His eyebrows were contracted, and there was a perplexed look on his face, such as Dick had never noticed before.

"Are you aware, Mr. Dereham, that during my absence this afternoon my room has been rifled of various articles belonging to me—among other things, of a set of gold studs, a silver lever watch, and a porte-monnaie containing two five-pound notes?"

"Rifled!" gasped Dick; "really I was not aware of it!"

"I don't suppose you were. But are you aware whether any one, not an inmate of the house, has had access, either directly, or indirectly, to this room while I have been out?"

"As far as my knowledge goes, there has only been one person here beyond the ordinary inmates of the house."

"And who may that one person have been?"

"Inspector Jibble, of the London police."

"Inspector Jibble! And what might be the fellow's business in my room?"

"However, several of my acquaintances read the article, unconscious that it attacked the intellectual character of your city.

"My impression after perusing the article was, that the Doctor, on reconsidering the however sentences that he had strung together in praise of Philadelphia, thought that he had been over lavish in his panegyric, and instantly determined to neutralize it in some way. The expedient he adopted was, in my opinion, of a most objectionable character. His mission to the battle field was one of love, and no trace of venom should have marred the record of his experiences.

"As to the justice of the allegation that your city is not a breeding place of ideas, which makes it a more agreeable residence for average people, I have only to remark that the great 'Expounder of the Constitution' was in the habit of expressing his preference for Philadelphia as a residence over any other of our cities.

"Such a piece of ignorance may create surprise in those who admire the reponsorial smartness of the Doctor more than the taste and judgment of Webster."

And so there positively were people in Philadelphia who took serious umbrage at Dr. Holmes's assertion that Philadelphia was not "a breeding place of ideas," and was therefore "a more agreeable residence for average people." We did not suppose we had those among us, whose mental "average" was so low as this discreditable fact would imply. For our part, our pleasure in reading the "Search After the Captain" was not in the least marred by the sentence alluded to. Why should it have been? If Philadelphia be "a breeding place of ideas," Dr. Holmes's opinion will not alter the fact. And if it be not, the Doctor is correct in his assertion.

And so as to Philadelphia's being a more agreeable residence for average people, because it is not a "breeding place of ideas," or, in other words, a birth place of isms. It may be so; it may not be so. In either event, the truth remains, even after Dr. Holmes has given his diagnosis of the case. As the Doctor himself has said, nothing is more uncertain than a diagnosis. We receive Doctor Holmes's remarks, as we do so many others, as being valuable mainly because they are suggestive. The question at once arises, Is this city "a breeding place of ideas?" Is it therefore, a more or less agreeable residence for average people? Here is a wide field of thought open—a field for which we have to thank the Doctor; and our obligation to him for opening this field, outright, and almost obscures in fact, his own evidently hastily adopted opinions on the subject.

Is it well for a city to be "breeding place of ideas?" That depends very much upon the good or bad qualities of those ideas. If the ideas are true and sound, is doubtless is well—if the ideas are false and rotten, and tending to promote further rottenness, such a city becomes a curse to the world.

Dr. Holmes is a medical man. He is probably therefore well aware that in the healing art—and in "the breeding of ideas" relative thereto—the medical and surgical schools of Philadelphia occupy, beyond all dispute, the first position on this Western Continent. Now the healing art is generally considered to be a very useful one; and if there is any city peculiarly entitled to be termed "a breeder of ideas" in this great department of thought, Philadelphia is that city.

Then there is that large pet of human inquity which includes within a pale all the great questions of Political Economy and Political Morality, and other equally important questions of Free Trade, of International Peace, and of Personal Liberty. Boston, we know, generally considers herself to be the "breeding place of ideas" upon all these questions. But of course a great many people are so well informed as Dr. Holmes, as to know that Boston and New England have taken all the ideas upon these great questions at second hand from Philadelphia and Pennsylvania—and that the most gifted and reformatory sons of New England are simply repeating the lessons they have learned by sitting at the feet of our Quaker Gamaliels.

Even Woman's Rights is not a Boston notion. It is peculiarly a Quaker and a Philadelphia one. The whole question had been discussed and settled by the Quakers of Philadelphia before our Boston friends had well got over their impression that every ugly old woman was a witch and deserved burning.

Spiritualism—all that is sensible of it—is also of Quaker growth. Rochdale-ites, they are not of New England, but of New York origin. Unless the connection of the witches be relied on in proof of its famous ism really having had a New England origin.

No doubt Boston also is a "breeding place of ideas;" though we confess we find it difficult, just now, to say what ideas they are. Perhaps Dr. Holmes, or some other good spokes-man of the "hub" city, can inform us. And we of the Quaker metropolis are disposed to look very kindly upon Boston; for we regard her as one who has abandoned the errors of her old ways, when she used to hang our fathers and our mothers, and whip them naked though her streets, and bore their tongues with red-hot irons, and sell them for slaves,—none who has abandoned all these old and wicked deeds, and set herself down repentant at our feet, as our ablest and most sincere disciple.

The persecuting Saul of Puritanbigotry, has become the fervent Paul of Quiet freedom and liberality. George Fox and William Penn are

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns
> Who rule *New England* from their tus."

And to prove that Philadelphia as not lost all her vitality—her power of originating the great electric impulses of thought—we need refer only to the recent world-moving Uprising of the Northern People. The news of the fall of Sumter was conveyed by the magnetic telegraph almost at the same instant to all portions of the land, but it was in Philadelphia, almost under the very walls of the venerable Hall of Independence, that the first Impulse of that famous Uprising—destined to be told hereafter in eloquent prose, and sung in immortal verse—stirred the hearts of the American People. Consult the papers of that date, and it will be seen that it was in the Quaker City that the old walls of Party began to fall, and the thoughts of an outraged honor and an endangered nation first fused the souls of all true-hearted men into one. Only when the news from this city reached New York and Boston—like the subtile leaping of a tongue of flame—did the populations of those cities catch the blaze of the same noble enthusiasm. And men who had openly said they would, if it came to blows, fight with the South against the old flag, either unsaid their words as so much folly and madness, or else shrank in silence into their dwellings before the wrath of an outraged and indignant people.

We know of few ideas which have appeared in our time, grander than that which this first blazed forth in the streets of Philadelphia, when the news came of the Fall of Sumter.

And yet, after all is said, we admit that Philadelphia, as she is, is perhaps a more agreeable residence, not only for "average people," but for people above the "average," than if she were more "intellectual," "great thinkers, when they leave the solitude of their studies, generally do not either wish or need the privileges of that kind of intellectual society which may be likened to perpetual scissors-grinding. Such society takes keen and "smart" men, but is not very favorable to great ones. The low of quietness requires to be sometimes unbroken—and the great thinkers oftener are found in country places, where there is little "intellectual" companionship, than in the swirl of city life, even in those circles where the mental and spiritual scissors-grinding is most constant and overwhelming. We fear sometimes that there is danger of Philadelphia's lapsing into the scissors-grinding dispensation. Dearly beloved, we entreat you, avoid that excess of intellectuality as you value your healthy reason, and your soul's peace. Try music—try dancing—skating is excellent—riding horseback even better—boating, corner-ball, cricket, archery—even chess playing, if you must have something "intellectual." But whatever you do, avoid, above all things, that mental scissors-grinding, which, if we are correctly informed, is rapidly becoming the one deadly bane of the good town of Boston.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

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THE QUAKER CITY.

One of our Philadelphia contemporaries publishes the following "extract of a letter from an intelligent gentleman of Boston":—

"Judging from the tenor of your last letter, I infer that our much petted author, Doctor Holmes, has, in his 'Search after the Captain,' given offence to the citizens of Philadelphia, and I can assure you that the objectionable sentence in that article is regarded in the same light here.

"However, several of my acquaintances read the article, unconscious that it attacked the intellectual character of your city.

"My impression after perusing the article was, that the Doctor, on reconsidering the however sentences that he had strung together in praise of Philadelphia, thought that he had been over lavish in his panegyric, and instantly determined to neutralize it in some way. The expedient he adopted was, in my opinion, of a most objectionable character. His mission to the battle field was one of love, and no trace of venom should have marred the record of his experiences.

"As to the justice of the allegation that your city is not a breeding place of ideas, which makes it a more agreeable residence for average people, I have only to remark that the great 'Expounder of the Constitution' was in the habit of expressing his preference for Philadelphia as a residence over any other of our cities.

"Such a piece of ignorance may create surprise in those who admire the reponsorial smartness of the Doctor more than the taste and judgment of Webster."

And so there positively were people in Philadelphia who took serious umbrage at Dr. Holmes's assertion that Philadelphia was not "a breeding place of ideas," and was therefore "a more agreeable residence for average people." We did not suppose we had those among us, whose mental "average" was so low as this discreditable fact would imply. For our part, our pleasure in reading the "Search After the Captain" was not in the least marred by the sentence alluded to. Why should it have been? If Philadelphia be "a breeding place of ideas," Dr. Holmes's opinion will not alter the fact. And if it be not, the Doctor is correct in his assertion.

And so as to Philadelphia's being a more agreeable residence for average people, because it is not a "breeding place of ideas," or, in other words, a birth place of isms. It may be so; it may not be so. In either event, the truth remains, even after Dr. Holmes has given his diagnosis of the case. As the Doctor himself has said, nothing is more uncertain than a diagnosis. We receive Doctor Holmes's remarks, as we do so many others, as being valuable mainly because they are suggestive. The question at once arises, Is this city "a breeding place of ideas?" Is it therefore, a more or less agreeable residence for average people? Here is a wide field of thought open—a field for which we have to thank the Doctor; and our obligation to him for opening this field, outright, and almost obscures in fact, his own evidently hastily adopted opinions on the subject.

Is it well for a city to be "breeding place of ideas?" That depends very much upon the good or bad qualities of those ideas. If the ideas are true and sound, is doubtless is well—if the ideas are false and rotten, and tending to promote further rottenness, such a city becomes a curse to the world.

Dr. Holmes is a medical man. He is probably therefore well aware that in the healing art—and in "the breeding of ideas" relative thereto—the medical and surgical schools of Philadelphia occupy, beyond all dispute, the first position on this Western Continent. Now the healing art is generally considered to be a very useful one; and if there is any city peculiarly entitled to be termed "a breeder of ideas" in this great department of thought, Philadelphia is that city.

Then there is that large pet of human inquity which includes within a pale all the great questions of Political Economy and Political Morality, and other equally important questions of Free Trade, of International Peace, and of Personal Liberty. Boston, we know, generally considers herself to be the "breeding place of ideas" upon all these questions. But of course a great many people are so well informed as Dr. Holmes, as to know that Boston and New England have taken all the ideas upon these great questions at second hand from Philadelphia and Pennsylvania—and that the most gifted and reformatory sons of New England are simply repeating the lessons they have learned by sitting at the feet of our Quaker Gamaliels.

Even Woman's Rights is not a Boston notion. It is peculiarly a Quaker and a Philadelphia one. The whole question had been discussed and settled by the Quakers of Philadelphia before our Boston friends had well got over their impression that every ugly old woman was a witch and deserved burning.

Spiritualism—all that is sensible of it—is also of Quaker growth. Rochdale-ites, they are not of New England, but of New York origin. Unless the connection of the witches be relied on in proof of its famous ism really having had a New England origin.

No doubt Boston also is a "breeding place of ideas;" though we confess we find it difficult, just now, to say what ideas they are. Perhaps Dr. Holmes, or some other good spokes-man of the "hub" city, can inform us. And we of the Quaker metropolis are disposed to look very kindly upon Boston; for we regard her as one who has abandoned the errors of her old ways, when she used to hang our fathers and our mothers, and whip them naked though her streets, and bore their tongues with red-hot irons, and sell them for slaves,—none who has abandoned all these old and wicked deeds, and set herself down repentant at our feet, as our ablest and most sincere disciple.

The persecuting Saul of Puritanbigotry, has become the fervent Paul of Quiet freedom and liberality. George Fox and William Penn are

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns
> Who rule *New England* from their tus."

And to prove that Philadelphia as not lost all her vitality—her power of originating the great electric impulses of thought—we need refer only to the recent world-moving Uprising of the Northern People. The news of the fall of Sumter was conveyed by the magnetic telegraph almost at the same instant to all portions of the land, but it was in Philadelphia, almost under the very walls of the venerable Hall of Independence, that the first Impulse of that famous Uprising—destined to be told hereafter in eloquent prose, and sung in immortal verse—stirred the hearts of the American People. Consult the papers of that date, and it will be seen that it was in the Quaker City that the old walls of Party began to fall, and the thoughts of an outraged honor and an endangered nation first fused the souls of all true-hearted men into one. Only when the news from this city reached New York and Boston—like the subtile leaping of a tongue of flame—did the populations of those cities catch the blaze of the same noble enthusiasm. And men who had openly said they would, if it came to blows, fight with the South against the old flag, either unsaid their words as so much folly and madness, or else shrank in silence into their dwellings before the wrath of an outraged and indignant people.

We know of few ideas which have appeared in our time, grander than that which this first blazed forth in the streets of Philadelphia, when the news came of the Fall of Sumter.

And yet, after all is said, we admit that Philadelphia, as she is, is perhaps a more agreeable residence, not only for "average people," but for people above the "average," than if she were more "intellectual," "great thinkers, when they leave the solitude of their studies, generally do not either wish or need the privileges of that kind of intellectual society which may be likened to perpetual scissors-grinding. Such society takes keen and "smart" men, but is not very favorable to great ones. The low of quietness requires to be sometimes unbroken—and the great thinkers oftener are found in country places, where there is little "intellectual" companionship, than in the swirl of city life, even in those circles where the mental and spiritual scissors-grinding is most constant and overwhelming. We fear sometimes that there is danger of Philadelphia's lapsing into the scissors-grinding dispensation. Dearly beloved, we entreat you, avoid that excess of intellectuality as you value your healthy reason, and your soul's peace. Try music—try dancing—skating is excellent—riding horseback even better—boating, corner-ball, cricket, archery—even chess playing, if you must have something "intellectual." But whatever you do, avoid, above all things, that mental scissors-grinding, which, if we are correctly informed, is rapidly becoming the one deadly bane of the good town of Boston.

A MAN.

Several months ago a New York poet addressed a number of vigorous verses to the President, the burden of each stanza being the significant request—

"Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!"

That the President has since fully complied with the request alluded to, is clearly evident from the recent letter written by Gen. Burnside, respecting the attack on Fredericksburg. The morning that letter appeared in the daily papers, we will warrant the phrases, "a noble fellow!" "a splendid fellow!" were repeated several millions of times.

And it is true. Whatever Burnside may lack of being a first-class general—and we are not certain yet that he lacks even a hair's-breadth—he evidently is a true man. While on his ear, and coldly down upon his heart, fell the bitter exclamations of thoughtless and cruel thousands, the commander of the Army of the Potomac hesitated not one moment, but arose in all the grandeur and sublimity of a simple-minded and honest-hearted man, and said to the whole generation of howlers, "I accept the responsibility,—the whole responsibility—in its utmost length, its utmost breadth. Fellow countrymen, I, and I alone, did it."

There is nothing nobler in the history of this war than that simple letter of Burnside's. The facts prove that he might plausibly have thrown off a large share of the responsibility—and he might at least have said nothing, as factious men desired. They would have done all the lying for him, had he but simply kept silence. They would have asserted that they knew all the facts, and that he was merely obeying orders. But it was not in the nature of Burnside to see other men falsely accused for his fault, or his misfortune—and the sooner even because of the howl of calumny which was beginning to fill the air, did he in Scripture phraseology, "gird up his loins, and prove himself a man."

The effect of such an example as Burnside's, in one occupying so high a position, can hardly be overrated. An army to a great degree takes the mould of its chief. If he is high-natured, manly, outspoken, chivalrous, with a profound contempt for all meanness and trickery, the army, down even to the wagon drivers, will acquire more or less of the same noble spirit. The War is beginning at last to bear its long-looked-for fruit of noble bloods. May we not hope that the days of grovelling and money-loving politicians, of base hearts and ignoble deeds are coming to their close. And that with Burnside there begins to enter upon the scene of military and political life, a class of men who regard Duty and Honor as higher words than Station and Wealth, and who will not lie to or flatter their fellow-countrymen, for the sake of the highest honors the people can bestow.

A REBEL PROCLAMATION.

That chief of rebels and traitors, Jefferson Davis, has issued a long proclamation, in which he denounces Gen. Butler for the execution of Mumford, sic rly after the occupation of New Orleans, sug orders that in case of the capture of said Butler, "the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging." Davis further orders, in view of Gen. Butler's proceedings, and the proposed issue of the Proclamation of Emancipation by President Lincoln on the first of January:—

First. That all commissioned officers in the command of said Benjamin F. Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, *but as robbers and criminals deserving death;* and that they, and each of them, be when ever captured *severed for execution.*

Second. That the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the army of said Butler be considered as only the instruments used for the commission of crimes perpetrated by his orders, and not as free agents; that they, therefore, be treated when captured as prisoners of war, with kindness and humanity, and be sent home on the usual parole that they will in no manner aid or serve the United States in any capacity during the continuance of this war, unless duly exchanged.

Third. That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective states to which they belong, to be dealt with *according to the laws of said states.*

Fourth. That the like orders be executed in *all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with said slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different states of the Confederacy.*

On the other hand we are informed on what we consider excellent authority, that President Lincoln will undoubtedly issue his Proclamation of Emancipation on the First of January—and, more over, that, on the same day, Gen. Banks will issue a similar, if not the same Proclamation, at New Orleans.

If the chief of the rebels imagines that either Gen. Butler or any other loyal officer will be deterred from doing his duty by such threats as we have quoted, he will undoubtedly find himself mistaken. If the rebels, in their desperation, have resolved to run up the black flag and death's head of the pirate, they will find that other men can mete out to them the pirate's common dom. As to the negroes, they are creatures of irritation—and we must confess that it seems to us the maddest thing that the rebel leaders could just now do, to set the negro race an example of unrelenting savagery and murder. Even cowards will fight well when fighting for their lives—and those with whom no terms are to be kept, can hardly be expected themselves to keep any terms. Never in the history of the world was there a stronger illustration of the ancient saying, that "whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad," than this Proclamation of the rebel leaders. It seems to be uttered, ping with the blood with which it was undoubtedly written—and will, wherever it is read in the civilized world, provoke the horror and detestation of mankind.

Not the less, however, will this manifesto be regarded by all sagacious men as a plain confession of the growing weakness of the rebellion. The Robespierres and Marats of

the South may howl for blood, blood, blood, but their day of doom is fast approaching, when an outraged and indignant nation shall cast them out forever. The scaffolds Jeff. Davis sees so vividly, are the scaffolds that are already looming in the distance for himself and his associates in guilt. When the rebellion is suppressed—and "the beginning of the end" has, in our opinion, already arrived—then a benignant and generous policy shall offer pardon and forgiveness to the great masses of men who have been deceived and subjugated into treason, while it holds the principal leaders to answer before the offended Justice of their country. When that day comes, of all the damning list of offences which the chiefs of the rebellion will have to answer for,—the waste of treasure, the destruction of life, the anguish of widows, the cries of children made homeless and destitute, and the humbling of the pride of a great nation before its foreign enemies—not one will seem to bar the entry of Mercy on the closing scene with a more iron hand, than this last and bloodiest of the so-called proclamations of Jeff. Davis.

☞ The *N. Y. Saturday Evening Courier* fails to credit THE POST with the fine poem entitled "If You Can," by Miss Donnelly. Will it please make due amends.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POET'S JOURNAL. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These poems, if not the finest, are certainly the sweetest that Bayard Taylor has yet given to the world. We are sure they do not disappoint the large class of personal and literary friends who have eagerly perused the book as a leaf from the poet's heart. The "Inscription to the Mistress of Cedarcroft" is beautiful. Read the concluding verse:—

"The poems ripened in a heart at rest,
A life that first through you is free and strong.
Take them and warm them in your partial breast,
Before they try the common air of song!
Fame won at home is of all fame the best:
Crown me your poet, and the critic's wrong
Shall harmless strike where you in love have smiled,
Wife of my heart and mother of my child!"

A fine comparison is in this passage:—

"—— here renewed the pang supreme
Which burned his youth to ashes: here would try
To lay his burden in the hands of Song,
And make the Poet bear the Lover's wrong,
But still his heart impatiently would cry:
'In vain, in vain! You cannot teach to flow
In measured lines so measureless a woe,
First learn to slay this wild beast of despair,
Then from his harmless jaws your honey tear.'"

In "The Lost May" we see that fine instinctive perception and hearty love of natural beauty, which is one of the things we like best in Bayard Taylor. "Autumnal Dreams" is full of music. The poet's heart-record may be fitly concluded with this verse—

"God knew His chosen time;
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
Secure, oh, Love, secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night;
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light;
God's mercy then, and therefore shalt endure!"

Of the miscellaneous poems we like "The Bath." It is bold and free, but it is the boldness and freedom of conscious purity. "The Quaker Widow" is another favorite. It is true as a photograph to the Quaker life and speech as we see them in eastern Pennsylvania, where the poet was born and reared.

THE GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A PRESENT HEAVEN. Addressed to a Friend. By the author of "The Patience of Hope." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

EXTRACT OF FLESH FOR ARMY USES.—Dr. J. B. Nichols brings to notice in the *Medical and Surgical Journal* an article for the sustenance of soldiers, which is worthy of very general attention, viz: Dried extract of flesh—a nourishing, easily-assimilated food, in the most concentrated form. It is especially valuable for severely wounded soldiers as a restorative; with a little wine it immediately revives their strength. It is a preparation well known to chemists, and is highly recommended by Liebig for provisioning ships and fortress s in order to preserve the health of the crew or garrison, in cases where fresh meats and vegetables are wanting. It is said to be used in the French and Austrian armies, with the approval of the most eminent military surgeons. Its use among the wounded on the battle field might be the means of saving many valuable lives. The exhaustion and sense of intolerable thirst might be, in a measure, removed by a single draught from a canteen filled with the rich soup resulting from the solution of a half ounce in a pint of water. A half ounce represents the whole amount of nutriment in a pound of fresh beef. The method of preparation is very simple.

☞ Verstegan gives the following origin of the word Tom-boy, applied to romping girls: "*Tombe*," to dance, Tumbed, danced; hereof we yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *Tom-boy*. Our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence."

☞ The meanest man in the world has recently visited Epping, Massachusetts. On Thursday night he entered the Town Hall and stole fifty bushels of dried apples, which the ladies of that town had prepared for our soldiers in the army.

☞ Echo, replying to the query, "Why are the walls of the House of Parliament like Oliver Cromwell?" says, with too exact and plaintive promptitude, "All-of-a-crumble."

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

(From the Philada. North American.)

A few days ago, we remarked that the first accounts of battles generally differ in the most remarkable manner from those which finally obtain a place in history, being exaggerated, distorted and inaccurate. At the time we wrote, we had no idea that this would so soon be exemplified in the accounts of one of the most fearful battles on record, one in the contemplation of which the heart sickens, and the imagination grows weary of the vain attempt to embrace the details of the horrible slaughter. The revelations of this week have scared a place in the memory of the present generation, the like of which may not, and, we trust, will not, occur again. A struggle so tremendous in the size of the armies engaged, so fearful in its concomitants, so appalling in its results and so brief in its duration, deserves to be memorable in our annals for all time to come, and yet the first accounts treated it as a mere reconnoissance or skirmish.

Some of our cotemporaries are vexing their brains to find the means of belittling this prodigious slaughter. If they were not in so great a hurry to judge of every event in the very instant that the first telegram arrives—if they were not so big with counsel and portentous with their threats—if, in short, they had but a little of that cool bravery which is the pre-eminent quality of an officer in battle, and should be possessed by all who undertake to counsel generals, they would wait patiently until they were furnished with accurate details, and then judge calmly and philosophically. There is no need for my one to apologize for this great battle, or to attempt to belittle it into a reconnoissance in force, or to insure the general s who undertook it, or to explain it away into what it was not. It was a prodigious attempt to achieve a great result, and it was a prodigious failure. When such things do fail at all, they always fail in this way. No partial failure is, in the nature of things, possible. If the event proves a victory, as it often does, it is never a mere strategical or tactical victory; it becomes a momentous triumph, memorable through all succeeding time.

Burnside was unsuccessful in his attempt, but Napoleon was equally unsuccessful at Aspern and Essling, and his failure at Waterloo was awful. Burnside has made no blunder. His plan was worthy of the best general in Europe. He had used it before with skill and success at Roanoke Island and Newbern, and although he failed in the present case, that does not prove that the plan itself was defective. The main features of his military system seem to be to attack the enemy's centre in force, and to attack always in columns, most of the very wise men, who think the President and Cabinet ought to resign, urge that both these ideas were wrong, and that the progress of the age has exploded them. We do not believe a word of this, and we will say why.

We have already stated that both at Roanoke Island and at Newbern those two Napoleonic ideas were used by Burnside, and were the leading features of his operations. He paid no attention to outposts, to flanking efforts, and to all this sort of thing. Baron Jomini expressly says, in his Summary of the Art of War, that these flanking operations imperil an army by racking its line too thin and weak, so that an attack by the enemy may easily break it and if that flanking party is separated and sent by a detour to make a rear diversion, it is very apt to fail through a mistake of roads, or delays of various kinds, and, if encountered by the enemy in force, is sure to be annihilated. In the desperate battle of Springfield, Sigel's flank attack was a disastrous failure, and his whole division was cut up, despite the great skill of the general, and his tried abilities on many a bar fought field.

In war, the most obvious and ordinary of all efforts by our Generals, of every grade and talent, is to outflank the enemy. Napoleon achieved the grandest and most wonderful of all his successes by avoiding this hackneyed mode of operations, and massing his whole force on a single desperate attack of the centre. Perhaps it will be said that every General is not a Napoleon, and therefore such risks ought to be avoided. To this we reply that in every battle where these fearful attacks of the centre proved successful he was on the very brink of destruction. In his first signal victory at Marengo, the battle was actually lost; his army was thoroughly beaten and flying in all directions, when Desaix arrived. He, too, fought in the field lost; but Napoleon renewed the contest with the fresh troops, and won the day by his attack on the centre. Wagram was a memorable instance of this terrible risk, and the terrible slaughter of Macdonald's column in the decisive charge still causes the reader of history to tremble as he ponders on it.

Our soldiers at Fredericksburg were not a whit worse than those of Napoleon. His troops recoiled in many a battle before the fearful fire of the opposing army, and the two troops in the world sometimes fail in a charge. The British storming party failed at the Redan before Sevastopol. They fled like sheep at Bunker Hill and New Orleans. Napoleon's veterans from a hundred battle fields were scattered to the winds at Waterloo. It is idle to expect that men with reasoning faculties will not recoil before such horrors as our troops encountered at Fredericksburg. It may be said that if this is true, the charge in column is not on the contrary, but the error. But here is just the point where modern military science shows itself most miserable impotency.

Napoleon knew that the risk of such a charge was awful, and that as he approached it must always be increased by the fact that most of the troops in the field are new levies, and, therefore, to a certain ex ent untrustworthy, means must be found to guard against the panic which at their being exposed to fight. To do this he made his charging columns always very heavy, that however great the shock her might be in front, no one could turn and flee, as the vast multitude pressing forward in the rear prevented it. Ney's great charging column at Wagram started over some eighteen thousand strong, and when it reached the Austrian lines had only eighteen hundred left. But it broke the enemy's lines and gained the victory.

Seeing that these tactics was resorted to by Burnside in the late battle. When Meade's Division, after its successful charge, broke before the fearful fire of the enemy, Barney's Division was immediately pushed forward, and drove back the enemy, and took several hundred prisoners. This method of attack is now the accepted one in all the European armies. The Russians used it at Inkerman, and despite the dreadful slaughter, they would undoubtedly have succeeded but for the timely arrival of the French. Napoleon III. used it at Magenta and Solferino, and the carnage was so great that for months after these conflicts the Emperor's nerves were completely unstrung, and his mind filled with morbid imagery. Santa Anna adopted it at Buena Vista, and at one time, notwithstanding the bravery of our troops and the strength of our position, he came near succeeding. But Taylor arrived at the right spot at the right moment, and prevented the battle with Bragg's battery, O Brien's saving best.

Here is just the perilous point. This method of attack is never a thing without a risk, and requires a general of great resource and unbounded courage. When the slaughter is greatest, he must be able to command himself most. This was where the mighty genius of Napoleon shone resplendent. Riding amid the thunder and the horrors of the battle, he seized upon the moment of fearful peril to make his decisive charge with all his force, lending to it all the enthusiasm and courage which his own example could infuse into his men. We are afraid that Burnside committed an error in not allowing Sumner to go on the field and take the command of his men at the critical moment. The old hero chafed at being prevented. He would be most at home in the midst of danger, and, had he been allowed to go, he would have saved the day, and perhaps have won the battle. Burnside himself could have done it, or Hooker or Hointzelman.

We do not think Burnside deserves censure for his plan of this battle. It was an attempt not merely to defeat the rebel army, but to annihilate it. Had he succeeded in his attempt to pierce the centre and seize the fairest prize, their forces would have been cut off, the whole rebel army divided into two fragments and attacked in front, flank and rear. It is worth all the men we have lost to have tried to gain such a victory; and so far from visiting any one with blame for it, we, for our own part, are rather rejoiced to find that at last we have some one able to make a plan of action worth the risk incurred in carrying it out. The victor of Roanoke Island and Newbern is not a man to be daunted at trifles, and we trust the great Republic will not be led into censuring him too hastily.

CHRISTMAS IN WASHINGTON.
TREATING THE HOSPITALS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Nowhere else in the world can so American a Christmas been seen the sight which has made this holiday in Washington remarkable and memorable—the banqueting of 35,000 (?) wounded and sick soldiers upon a Christmas dinner, spread by the hands of individual benevolence.

Tables were set and abundantly and elegantly covered in the largest wards of the different hospitals. The rooms were ornamented by volunteer hands with evergreens and flowers. Volunteer waiters, gentlemen and ladies of the first families in the land, tenderly and devotedly served the wounded warriors in every hospital, waiting first on those too much injured to be moved to the tables.

The feasting of this army of wounded thus honored and cared for was a touching sight. To make the festive occasion complete in most of the Hospitals, bled or volunteer singers sang songs of home and of country; orators, members of Congress and Cabinet officers made speeches happily fit to the occasion, and moved socially among the tables.

In one or two the President found time to bring excitement and sunshine with him among the banqueters, and he ratified revelers. Over seven thousand turkeys and chickens were consumed at the novel Christmas dinner.

This immense amount of poultry came mostly from Maryland and Pennsylvania, but four car loads of it came all the way from Chicago. Three hundred turkeys, sent from evergreenes Albany, came cooked and ready for the table.

THE rebel Gen. Maxcy Gregg, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, was on his mother's side, of Rhode Island origin, his grandmother being the daughter of Commodore Esek Hopkins, of Revolutionary memory, who married Rev. Jonathan Maxcy, D. D., the second President of Brown University, and afterward President of the College of Columbia, S. C., where their daughter, the mother of the general, was reared.

THE town of Winchester has again been taken by our troops. The rebels 2,500 strong, retired upon their approach. The people are in a state of destitution.

A SILVER United States half dollar was sold at auction the other day in Charleston, S. C., for $1.45, and a gold dollar for $3.15. "Spot currency."

FIVE thousand Germans have rallied Hon. Eli Thayer that they are willing to settle in Florida upon the terms of his plan of erecting that state to the Federal government. One thousand of these Germans now reside in St. Louis, Mo.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,
Author of "AMONG THE PINES."
AND
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *exchanged* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE POST-OFFICE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—Inclosed I send you two articles, part of my contribution to the Post Office of a Ladies Fair, held about a fortnight ago, for the benefit of our sick soldiers. A. B.

LETTER I.

To Miss ——:

You ask me, dear Louisa Jane,
That I should tell you, if I can,
Of all the lovers in my train,
Who is to be the Favored Man.

Charles Cash has millions to inherit,
His wealth my wildest wish could span;
He's handsome, too—Invoice and merit;
But he is not—the Chosen Man.

Young Lewis Lute has rung my beauties,
Love's fire with praise he strives to fan;
A genius, he without Repute is—
But he is not—the Chosen Man.

Counsellor Lex has long been pleading,
His cause in Cupid's court to win;
Grave Doctor Pulse's heart lies bleeding—
For those I do not care a pin.

Oh! Merchant, Lawyer, Doctor, Poet,
In vain you flatter, sigh and sue;
My hand is pledged—you all may know it—
My heart is given—to none of you.

He, who when Freedom reared her standard,
To aid her cause with ardor ran—
From him my thoughts have never wandered—
A VOLUNTEER *is my* Chosen Man.

CLARIBEL.

LETTER II.

TO JULIUS JUVENILE, Esq.:

Dear Julius, I would not say aught that's unkind,
But your courtship's in vain, pray believe me;
I know that my sister won't alter her mind,
Your persistence does nothing but grieve me.

And 'tis nonsense to lay yourself out for a wife,
When you ought to be laying up knowledge;
Scarcely fourteen years have you counted in life,
And you're only a Freshman in college.

Go back to your studies, dear boy—mind your books—
You'll get over this soon, I can wager;
My sister, be sure, on a *Minor* won't look,
For she's flirting just now with a *Major*.

Yours, FREDERIC FORTYTOOFIVE.

☞ The romantic story about Gen. Burnside being a tailor's apprentice, and receiving his appointment as a West Point cadet from Secretary Caleb Smith, then member of Congress from Indiana, is a *record* made out of whole cloth. Burnside's father was a wealthy and influential man; the son never needed breeches for a living, but resided his father in the clerk's office of Union county, Indiana, and the cadetship was secured through Oliver H. Smith, then member of Congress from that district.

☞ A Scotch pastor recognized one of his parishioners sitting by the roadside a little huddled. "Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude man?" said she, as he stopped. "Fie, fie, Janet," cried the pastor, "to see the like o' you in sic a plight! do you know where all the drunkards go?" "Ay, sure," said Janet, "they just go where a drop o' good drink is to be got."

☞ WARNING FOR GEN. BISHOP POLK.—Mene, Mene, Tekel, *you parson.*

NUTTING TIME.

The nuts are ripe and the day is fine,
The purple hills in the sunlight shine,
And the brown nuts redden the trembling tops
Of each gnarled tree in the hazel copse.

The copse is filled with the happy noise
Of laughing girls and clubbing boys,
And the beaten branches yield their fruit,
That heavily drops at each old tree's root.

Under the brow of the copse-crowned hill,
Ethel and I sit silent and still,
And I hold in mine her soft white hand,
The smallest and whitest in the land.

Gather your fruit, ye lads above,
And fling the nuts at the girls you love;
The only fruit that to me was dear
I have gathered to-day in the white hand here.

☞ We hear it stated that on the coming first of January Old Bennett retires from the management of the New York Herald, conferring the paper and whole establishment on his son, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., as a New Year's present for young Bennett! Never before have we fully realized the force of that curse:—"The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children."—*N. Y. Atlas.*

☞ A "live Yankee" being awakened by the captain of a steamboat with the announcement that he "mustn't occupy his berth with his boots on," replied, "Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em much, I guess; they're an old pair—let 'em rip."

☞ Not to miss a train: Sit on the rail. If you don't see the cars, no fear of their missing you.

☞ It is easier to destroy men than to subdue them. A field-officer once said to his sovereign: "If you only wish to destroy these people, I shall want twenty thousand men; but if you want to subdue them, I shall need forty thousand."

☞ A working young woman in Louisville, Ky., was assailed a short time since, in the evening, by a female, who cut all the hair from her head and made off with it. The hair was profuse and beautiful. The thief must have been a *hare-'em scare-'em* sort of person, and will probably meet a *hang-'em bang-'em* fate.

☞ From Egypt we have intelligence that the cotton crop this year has been a complete success, owning dazzling visions of future wealth to that country. Prices rule from three and four times the former average, and the value of the incoming crop is estimated at $25,000,000. Turkey will this year also produce for the English market about 60,000 bales, from her Asiatic provinces.

☞ The Secretary of War has ordered the discharge of all the Quakers who were drafted in Ohio, the laws of which state did not exempt them.

☞ Dubonnay may work as much calamity as a bustle; a few ink drops may cost a nation more misery and exhaustion than a river of blood.

☞ "Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there!" said a boy; "taint nowhere else."

☞ THE BIBLE ON THE BATTLE FIELD.—A chaplain told us the other day the following touching incident:—Among the dead of one of the battle fields before Richmond was a rebel soldier, who lay unburied several days after the conflict. Already the flesh had been eaten by the worms from his fingers, but underneath the skeleton hand lay an open copy of the Bible, and the fingers pressed upon those precious words of the twenty third psalm, "*Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.*"

☞ SO WOULD I.—"So you are going to teach school?" said a young lady to her maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would I prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

☞ The gain of population in the slave holding states during the decade from 1850 to 1860 was equal to 27.31 per cent; in the free states the gain was 41.24 per cent.

REBEL BENEDICT TOWARDS A SOUTHERN LADY.—A recent letter from Beaufort, South Carolina, says:—

"Georgetown is a small town of about 1,000 inhabitants, some of whose hearts read and study for the Union. On a recent occasion, when a flagboat, with a flag of truce, went up to the town, with a communication from the Captain of the blockading squadron, a lady resident near the dock waved her hand kerchief in token of welcome to the officers of the State and Stripes. For this she was taken from her residence, and ordered by the rebel man commander of the civilavious sons of Carolina to exile. His unmanly order was executed to the full, her house being guarded by a rebble bell. In dying she bowed her last sigh for that platform of the whose town unprecedent odds were not able to save her from a martyr's crown. This cruelty is worthy the days when the Arab sold his own and his first treasure, and of traitors whose names will only be handed down to posterity for their infamy. We cannot but admire the glorious exhibition of the patriotism in this city, and I trust we may soon see the end of this wicked rebellion. Her bright example reminds us of the spirit of the brave daughters of the Revolution, and it should enkindle a flame in the hearts of the sons of the North that should never go out until every vestige of this unholy rebellion shall have passed away."

A NEW IDEA. *Old Cloaks Crowded Out.*—Among the patients in the General Hospital, at Philadelphia, is a sick soldier. He was very sick indeed, at first brought here, but is now doing better. He has a cracked one part. Now that he is recovering, his fortitude begins to show itself in a manner that his comrades don't care about putting up with—at any rate, for a second.

To-day he was visited with him by a Union soldier—an adopted citizen, from the land of Kraut. Yesterday morning Union German said something to mother. Secesh vouchsafed only in reply:

"Do vat?"

"Do vat?"

Secesh repeated his remark.

The German was not at all exasperated.

"Ah said he, "mine frent, you ish too kind. I cannot go to dat pizness."

"Why not?"

"I ish now full. I ish very crowded dere. Sigel, he fill it up mit dead rebels. Even der lifeful has to sleep out in doors."

The laugh came in here from the boys who were stanging around. Secesh had nothing more to say.—*North American.*

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 28.—The rebel army in our front have massed their forts on both sides of the railroad from Fredericksburg to below Guerny station. The track for two miles south of Fredericksburg has been torn up, and the rails are being used for turnouts at the present terminus of the road.

The Richmond Examiner of the 25th, indicated that Lee, with a portion of his army, was moving towards Culpepper to make a demonstration in front of Washington, but it is known that Lee was still near Fredericksburg on Friday noon. The enemy are engaged every night in raising and extending breastworks along the streets pointing to the river, as if to prevent any future crossing by pontoon bridges.

A Fight at Dumfries.

Heavy firing was heard yesterday evening in the direction of Dumfries. Intelligence from Aquia Creek to-day, states that about 4,000 rebel cavalry, with *four guns*, made an attack on our four regiments of Gen. Sigel's infantry, at Dumfries. The conflict lasted till dark, and was renewed again this morning. The cannonading was more intense and apparently nearer this point than on yesterday. An official report states that the rebel cavalry numbered but 1,500, that they attacked the town of Dumfries, but were driven off with loss. Our loss was three killed and eleven wounded.

Important from New Orleans.

The steamer Roanoke, at New York from New Orleans, brings important news. General Banks arrived there on the 14th.

On the 16th Generals Butler and Banks met at headquarters. Gen. Butler welcomed Gen. Banks to the Department of the Gulf, and assured him that he would find here troops who would yield a cheerful obedience to his every order.

Gen. Banks then assumed command. A general order suspends the sales of property on behalf of the United States until further orders. Baton Rouge has been occupied, and five thousand men are now in possession.

Gen. Banks has issued a proclamation, dated the 16th, assuming command of the Department of the Gulf, to which Texas is added. It is long, not quite so severe as Gen. Butler's, but is firm and high toned, and will prove satisfactory to all.

Later news from New Orleans says that the secessionists think that Gen. Banks will not be so rigorous as Gen. Butler in suppressing in the streets in crowds. After Butler had been superseded, one of them sent a challenge to him. The General said that he was ready at any time.

A rumor is afloat that Gen. Butler is to have an important command in the field.

The "290"—Capture of the California Steamer Ariel by the Alabama.

A despatch from San Francisco says that the steamer Ariel, which left New York for Aspinwall, was captured on the 7th inst. by the pirate Alabama, while on the route for Aspinwall. The vessel was plundered of the arms and ammunition and $8,000 in money. One hundred and twenty U. S. marines were paroled, and the vessel released on her captain giving a bond of $225,000 as ransom. The first intelligence of the pirate was that when the Alabama was lying at Martinique the guns of the San Jacinto were trained on her, when the guns of the fort were immediately trained on the San Jacinto.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28—1 o'clock A. M.—The steamer Ariel has arrived in port.

The news of her capture and release by the Alabama on her outward trip is fully confirmed.

Miscellaneous.

It is reported at Washington that a detachment of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry, while at Occoquan, were surprised by a force of rebel cavalry and a fight ensued. Captain Johnson, of the Union cavalry, was killed.

The rebel Morgan, on Wednesday last, captured the town of Glasgow, Ky. His entrance was inspired by three companies of Michigan cavalry, who were compelled to fall back, with a loss of one captain and two men. The rebel loss was somewhat greater.

A rebel account, we come into our lines at Point Knob, reports rebel Thompson at Pocahontas, with 5,000 or 6,000 troops.

Colborne F. Jackson, the deposed Governor of Missouri, died at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 14th inst.

A report from Cairo says that orders have been received to evacuate Island No. 10, to spike the guns there and blow up the magazines.

Gen. Grant's army is reported to have fallen back across the Tallahatchie.

An expedition up the Atchafalaya River has returned, having captured two rebel steamers and a launch, loaded with arms and ammunition.

The rebel force near Oxford is reported to have escaped from Memphis.

A report comes through rebel sources that the rebel Van Dorn made a dash into Corinth with 5,000 cavalry, lately, and took possession of the place.

The steamer Queen Victoria, at New York, from Nassau and Havana, says that the Governor has issued a proclamation forbidding other Federal or rebel cruisers from entering the harbor. Two or three schooners had arrived, leaving only the Alabama.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 27.—Thirty-eight condemned Indians were hung at Mankato, at 10 o'clock A. M. yesterday.

☞ The New York ladies have adopted a new pastime—pistol practice with a pistol. They have a new French parlor pest, and setting up a target the dear creatures blaze away. If they don't hit the target they often do the looking glass.

☞ We fear that many spiritual-minded persons, unlike the angel of the Pool of Bethesda, never trouble the water.

☞ The King of Siam is a royal joker. He offered President Lincoln an elephant, which old Abe was obliged to decline, having already as large a one on his hands as he could conveniently manage, and now he has given Louis Napoleon a royal tiger of colossal size. We hope Nap appreciates the compliment.

☞ Some one speaking of a certain philanthropist, said that "he would pour rosewater over a toad."

☞ Tenderness now-a-days is worn of clothes, and a suit at law is, one provides you with pockets, the other empties them.

☞ A simple fellow once said of a famous beauty, "I could have courted and married her once enough, if I'd wanted to." "And, pray, why didn't you?" asked —his friend. "Oh, when I began to spark her, you see, she took me on one side and politely asked to be excused, and so I excused her."

☞ The editor of the Hallowell Courier keeps himself thoroughly posted up in the liquor sales in that little city. He begrudges every drop that do-sn't go down his own throat!—*Portland Transcript.*

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
OF THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOR 1863.

I.

The night flows chill—come in, come in,
The lamps are lit, the fire burns clear;
While storm and sleet
On the homeless beat,
And Sorrow, and Want, and Shame, and Sin,
Wander abroad in the winter street,
'Tis here, 'tis here,
Oh, Faith! oh, Hope! oh, Love! most dear,
We'll keep the watch of the dying year—
Come in, sweet friends, come in!

II.

There he lies, with death in his eyes,
This helpless monarch, this king uncrowned,
Down on his humble pallet bound
By the grandest of mortal mysteries.
How old he looks in his fitful rest,
How hoar his head, his cheek how thin!
The sheet which covers his hollow breast
Is scarcely whiter than his skin,
And the wasted hands which the sceptre press'd,
To drip with the mortal sweat begin.
There he slumbers, while greedy Death
Eagerly watches his every breath,
Eagerly reckons the every start
Of his feeble pulse, of his fluttering heart.
Oh, Faith! oh, Hope! oh, Charity!
Keep ye the vigil here with me!

III.

Strange hands are knocking at the door,
Strange sounds assail us, watchers four,
Strange footsteps rustle up the stair;
"Oh, ope to us!" they cry without,
"We faint with fear, we die with doubt,
The wind has blown our tapers out,
The King is dying—we must be there!"

IV.

And in, and in, they trooping pour,
A veiled and solemn company.
Did e'er ye see, ye watchers three,
So odd a group before?
They circle round the royal bed,
Some at his feet, some at his head,
And on each hand
They wierdly stand,
By some strange summons gathered.

V.

They drop their veils, their brows are bare,
The King looks up and sees them there,
He trembles as he lies:
"Avaunt!" his tones have lost their power,)
"Why come ye in this awful hour,
To stab me with your eyes?
Who are ye? Speak!—I know your guise!"
Lower the spirits bend, and lower,
Their answer lost in wails and sighs:
"Behold, oh, monarch! great and wise,
We are the aids which men despise,
The seeds which never came to flower,
Lost opportunities!"
And the winds besieging the upper tower,
Down in a stormy echo shower—
"*Lost opportunities!*"

VI.

"And who are ye?" the Old Year wails,
To some who have not raised their veils,
But shrouded stand beside his bed.
"Do you too come to sting me yet
With wild remorse, with vain regret,
For thoughts, and words, and deeds long fled?"
"We come, oh, King!" the spirits black
Cry, as they toss their wimples back,
And scorch him with their blazing eyes:
"Behold us as we come, oh, King!
Thy very heart of hearts to ring
With our unhallowed memories!
We are the shades who gather in
The crime, the shame, the woe, the sin
Of thy unhappy reign;
The wreck of virtue and of truth,
The godless age, the blasted youth,
The loss of faith, the lack of ruth,
Ay! tremble!—'tis in vain!)
The curse of war, the blood, the strife,
The shrieking babe, the moaning wife,
The mother weeping out her life,
The dead, by treason slain.
We lift them in our arms, oh, King,
And back to thee the burden bring,
Again, again,
Bring back the past again!"

VII.

"Forbear!" the angel accents ring,
And through the door a bright host spring,
And scatter glory through the room;
Their eyes are clear, their robes are white,
Their placid brows are wreathed with light,
Their lips are fresh with summer bloom.
"Make way!" they cry, "ye solemn crew,
Let peace and gladness filter through,
And drench our dying King!
We are the sunlight and the dew
Whose spell shall make the Old Year new;
Good thoughts, good words, good deeds and fame,
Within our hands we bring.
Rise, Faith, and join in thy voice with ours—
Come, Hope, and crown him with thy flowers,
Draw near, oh, gentle Charity!
In songs of purest solace, let
Our dying Lord His woes forget;
Sing with us, blessed three!"

VIII.

Oh, strangely sweet the voices rise!
The old King lifts his tearful eyes,
The peace of Heaven is in his look,
Till, hid'den in some distant nook,
The ancient clock,
Which joys to mock
The airy flight of Time,
Peals forth the midnight chime!

IX.

One—two—three!
A shadow dims the old King's brow,
His hollow cheek is paler now,
He listens earnestly.

Four—five—six!
A shiver creeps adown his flesh,
The sweat of Death breaks out afresh,
The watchers trim the wicks.

Seven—eight—nine!
A something gargles in his throat,
And in his open eyes, afloat,
Death's beacons 'gin to shine.

Ten—eleven—*Twelve!*
The airy crowd, like dreams, have fled—
And with Hope's roses on his head,
The poor Old Year lies cold and dead
Upon the stroke of twelve!

I.

Oh, joy! oh, joy! the air is filled
With light, perfume and song,
And angel-shapes,
With breath of grapes,
Into the chamber throng!
Within their arms they bear
An infant small and fair.
Stir up the fire—the tapers trim!
Sing, Faith, and Hope, and Love, a hymn
Unto the new born year!
The baby year—the spotless year—
The blessed new born year!

II.

Leave to the dead their voiceless dead
To coffin and inter,
Our feet are by the Present led,
Our aims are all with her.
And if our Past, a bitter dream,
Too wretched was to last,
Through all we honor or esteem,
With Heaven above, and God supreme,
We shall redeem—we *shall* redeem
That vision of the Past!

III.

Faith holds the New Year on her breast,
Hope carols it to sleep,
Love watches over all, and why
Should we, repining, weep?
The last year's woe is 'neath the snow,
Its gifts are with the Giver,
Joy! joy! and bless the bright New Year,
And make it blest forever!

THE APOSTLE OF HUNGER.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

Who, of the present generation, knows anything of Count Rumford? At the mention of his name everybody thinks of stoves. In most people's minds there is a sort of wonder whether he could be a real Count if his business in life was—stoves. Some of us elders of our day had fathers who knew Count Rumford, and who remembered and talked of him, not in connection with stoves, but as a nobleman of great knowledge, of an active inquiring spirit, of great administrative faculty, and the most indefatigable, resolute, vigilant and enterprizing benevolence. Wherever society needs the largest amount of comfort at the smallest cost, the name and memory of Count Rumford come up again. In times of ordinary prosperity, when our work people are well employed and paid, and our gentry gather new luxuries about them, and entertain their minds with study and speculation, the man is forgotten, or spoken of only for this or that invention. When we have a particularly bad harvest, or any commercial adversity, which throws millions of destitute people on our hands to be fed and cheered, Count Rumford's name is heard where old people are talking together of the black years of their lives. There may be less and less of this as the old folks pass away; but it will be a good while yet before there is nobody left to quote the sayings and doings of the large-hearted and practical minded man who fed the hungry in four countries of Christendom, and showed how the greatest number could be nourished and cheered at the smallest cost. He was an American citizen, active and charitable in the War of Independence. This made him a soldier. It was not from his military tastes that he entered the Bavarian service, but because that country was in a wretched condition—in extreme need of a good soldiery amidst the revolutionary period in Europe, but too poor to support an army—or indeed any other class. Count Rumford believed he could do something towards retrieving the military system at least; and he retrieved the whole economy of Bavaria. Then he came to England, and till the end of the century instructed our fathers in the ways of economy and comfort—cut off as our country was by war from the intercourses by which nations help one another forward in civilization. Then, in 1802, he married the widow of Lavoisier, the great chemist, and was as good a citizen in France as he had been everywhere else; and there he died just when the Emperor departed for Elba and the Bourbons returned.

The present Emperor gets great praise just now for the soldiers' gardens, at the camp at Chalons; and we have been for some time congratulating ourselves on our regimental schools, and on the improved diet in barrack and camp; and we exclaim "how delightful!" when we hear of the plan of gardens laid out in Indian garrisons, and talked of here; but Count Rumford had done these very things with complete success eighty years ago.

He desired, considering the circumstances of the Bavarian state and population, to make the soldiers as much of citizens as possible, and to fit the citizens to become soldiers, in case of need. He obtained authority to do what he would: and in a little while the barracks were clean, well-aired, and bright-looking, outside and in; the soldiers were in school some part of the day; and their children and the peasantry, or town children were welcomed to the schools also; so that they were always full. The state paid for the books and writing materials; and the copy-books were afterwards used for cartridges, which saved their cost. The gardens were, however, a still better school to such idle rascals as the soldiers were at the outset of the experiment. Every man who would till his ground had 865 square yards, with tools, an allowance of manure, and his old uniform for a working dress. Potatoes and other good vegetables, were almost unknown among the ignorant and slow peasantry of the country. The soldiers soon learned to enjoy the luxury of good vegetables, and the profit of selling them. When they had reached that point, Count Rumford instituted a plan of long furloughs, by which his soldiers introduced their new discoveries in the rural districts, and moreover they got married in their own neighborhood—to the great advantage of the morals of their regiments. During their absence other young men were getting into training; and thus, in a few years, the Bavarian soldier had introduced improvements, order, and discipline into rural life, and the Bavarian peasant had become not only a man of the world, but actually a better husbandman than if he had never attended to anything else. The same advantages were obtained by the townspeople; for there were industrial schools as well as gardens, so that every soldier, and all his sons, had the means of learning some handicraft, with the privilege of making profit by their craft in their leisure hours.

The soldiers were paid 2½d. per day for food and it was surprising, even to Count Rumford himself, to see how stout and healthy the men were upon such an allowance, out of which they even treated themselves with beer and tobacco. The odd three farthings were kept for these indulgences. The men, being left to their own devices about food, formed themselves into messes of twelve, one of whom was a non-commissioned officer who took the head of the table, and the lead in the affairs of the mess. They had been shown the effect of wonderful good cookery in increasing the amount of nourishment in food; and thus it was that they made their twopences go so far. In England, at the end of the last century, the people generally supposed that twopenn'orth of food was twopenn'orth of food—all the same thing, whatever it might be: so the laborer's wife cut up a loaf among the children, and bade them go and eat it; and she and her husband ate their dry slices without any pleasure; and they were all soon hungry again. They could not understand, or would not believe, that the French prisoners in our military prisons obtained satisfying and agreeable meals for the same cost as this dry bread. These Frenchmen understood the virtues of barley meal, and of the process of stewing, and how to make the most of bread itself; and instead of a bit of a loaf, they had a savory soup, flavored with a red herring, in Lent with bread crumbs—a substantial hot nourishing soup, at the cost of a lump of dry bread.

This was the way the Bavarian soldiers went to work—making as much a point of skillful cookery as of good materials. They had a beef stew, with soup and savory dumplings—enough for the day's food, a little under 2d. a head. Other days they had eggs instead of the beef, made with bread, butter, flour, and condiments, into dumplings and soup, eaten together. They seem to have been strangely fond of fiver; for they had fiver dumplings as well as fried fiver and fiver soup. There were many variations in their bill of fare; but the steady rate was from 4½ to 4¾ of food, without the supper bread, provided for each mess of twelve, at a cost of 2d. or less per man.

In England, when the Count was here prices of all kinds were excessively dear; yet he undertook to establish eating houses which should be self supporting, and which should furnish meals at a cost which might well astonish the English world of his day. He did it by his knowledge of economy of heat, as well as by his other experience. The cost of firewood in Bavaria must have been striking to a man fresh from America, where the forests were at that time in everybody's way, and it was rather a service than not to cut down a tree to cook a supper in the woods. In Bavaria, the way of shutting up the fire, to economise the heat, must have caught his eye at once; and for many years he studied the economy of heat till he got his name associated forever with stoves.

His eating rooms were to be well warmed, and his meals for 1,560 people capitally cooked by an amount of fuel which, according to the custom of the day in England, would hardly have warmed a middle-class kitchen. The large scale, permitting all the advantages of wholesale prices and the using up of all scraps, was another cause of the cheapness. But, whichever way it was looked at, it was remarkable at a time when the middle classes were almost as much alarmed as the lower about how they were to live, on account of the dearness of all kinds of provisions.

The dietary comprised four dishes or messes, at 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. There was a room appropriated to each kind—these four spacious apartments being well warmed and lighted, and the meals served in comfort. The penny meal consisted of twenty ounces, or a pint and a quarter of soup, made of barley, peas, potatoes, bread, and seasoning. The twopenny meal, of the same weight and measure, was a capital pea soup with fried bread. The fourpenny was a soup like the second on the list, with two ounces of bacon sliced fine, and fried bread. The sixpenny was a stew of beef and vegetables, with a quarter of a pound of bread.

There was an addition to the plan, of reading rooms and sitting rooms where any cleanly work could be carried on; these rooms to be open to the regular dinners at the establishment; but my present business with the Count is as the greatest nourisher of the poor at the smallest cost on record.

His largest experiment is the most wonderful—his dealings with the beggars of Bavaria. Neither I nor any one else can for a moment associate our Lancashire, or Scotch, or Irish sufferers with any beggars, and especially with the Bavarian mendicants of that day. There is nothing now known like the Bavarian beggars of eighty years ago. Even in the Papal territory, the mendicants are few and modest and decent compared with those precious subjects of the Elector when Count Rumford went among them. I have not room to describe them at length; and it would not be at all an agreeable picture. It is enough to say that the law itself quailed before them, and that they made life a curse in that country. Foreigners and natives, young and old, men, women, and children, they swarmed in town and country till no citizen could call anything his own. In the rural districts they broke into the homesteads, pulled up the farm produce, stole the fowls, waylaid the farmers, stripped the laborers and their cottages, and made themselves at home wherever they pleased to enter. In the towns, nobody could cross the street without paying to be allowed to pass. In the shops, seller and customers were alike at their wit's end, for the beggars filled the place and mobbed the windows, and would be bought off or would help themselves. They followed the merchant or banker into his dining-room, and would not let him eat his meal in peace. Everything that was left about in the house was stolen; the public walks were impassable, except for soldiers or beggars. Perhaps the most striking circumstance was that these beggars so infested the churches that even worship was hindered. They would so molest the citizens in the midst of the prayers that to empty one's pocket was the only way to pray in peace.

No—there was one thing worse, as I now remember. These wretches stole the infants of the citizens, and put out their eyes, or disjointed their limbs, or starved them—and they starved even their own children—to work upon the public compassion. Enough! It is easy to see that when society had once become afraid to refuse alms, a large proportion of it would turn beggars. Shepherds, artisans, children, and all the women below the rank of a lady asked alms and got them; so that employers repaid themselves for their enforced donations by reducing wages in proportion to the begging talents of their servants and laborers. The town and country were divided into beats, commanded by companies of mendicants; and alliances between rival bands were cemented by marriages between the children of eminent beggars. The population of the capital was then 60,000. In one week after Count Rumford undertook to deal with the beggars, 2,600 were entered on his list; and within four years, 10,000 had been arrested and dealt with.

I cannot give the whole story of Count Rumford's proceedings. I need only say that within a short time the vagrants were all registered, housed, and employed, well fed and made comfortable, and the children educated, at incalculably less expense than their mendicancy had cost the community. Everybody was willing and thankful to contribute in return for relief from the scourge of their lives. The butchers and bakers filled the town carts which daily stopped at their doors,—thankful to bestow their odds and ends of meat and bread, instead of the joints and loaves which had been extorted from them hitherto. All subscriptions for the poor, public and private, were stopped as soon as all the mendicants were collected, and the tribute was diverted towards the state charity now instituted. At first, gifts of soup, as well as of materials, were received; but Count Rumford's soup was presently found to be so superior to any that came from private kitchens that the latter was declined.

The tables of the meals, and of the number and quality of the people who partook of them, are before me; and I see that a dinner of stew, vegetables of three kinds, condiments and bread for 1,000 persons, was cooked by wood (when fuel was excessively dear) of the value of 4½. The most people had stirabout and buttermilk for breakfast; the sick and aged and children had bread with their milk,—1,220 persons for £5 18s. 8d. The dinner of beef, broth, and bread for the same 1,220 persons cost £14 17s., including the cooking and all expenses. A pottage dinner for the same number cost £6 9s. 3d. Supper for 416 delicate people and children cost 19s. 11d. This was in days of high prices, in an inland country where there was little variety of food; and before anything was heard of such fresh combinations as those which now yield so great an amount of nourishment as fish, for instance, which is the cheapest known palatable food for a very great number of people; viz., rice and Indian meal boiled together for many hours, with a sufficiency of condiments. Now that we hear so much of the potato-bash, as the favorite part of the Lancashire dietary, we wonder why there was no dish of that sort in Count Rumford's kitchens. The fact was, potatoes were little grown in Bavaria in those days; but when he came to England, he at once had recourse to them. Rice was probably scarce in Bavaria, for want of access from the sea. In the department of meat, beef seems to have been the only sort used at all, except the bacon which was shred into the soup. In every way we have the advantage. In Germany at this time veal is more eaten than any other meat. Travellers hear of "calf's flesh" till they long for a leg of mutton to a degree they are ashamed of. The herds of swine in Germany, and the German reputation for hams and sausages, seem to point to a more various dietary than could be commanded eighty years ago. We in England have more mutton than perhaps any other country; and our potato-bash made with mutton, is, if well prepared, one of the best dishes that can appear on any table.

The Glasgow kitchens show how much more can now be provided for the same denomination of money than could be done in Count Rumford's time; but there was something so gloriously audacious in his offer to relieve the whole Electorate of its pauperism,—something so new in the extent to which he undertook the feeding of multitudes, from day to day, and something so benevolent in the way in which he went to work,—considering the fortunes and feelings of the vagrants no less than the rights of independent citizens,—that we may consider him an apostle not the less for our being able to do the things that he did somewhat more cheaply. We do it only through the advance that has been made in our food resources within the present century. If he were here now, he would feed and comfort Lancashire and Cheshire with a week, more cheaply than the wisest of us conceive of, and with a completeness which would leave us nothing to apprehend from the consequences of want of common necessaries.

It is possible that a Count Rumford—an apostle of comfort to the destitute—may arise out of the needs of the time; and perhaps I may have been led to the choice of my theme to-day by some vague hope that the revival of the image of Count Rumford may hasten the appearance of some successor, in the crisis of our need. We all rejoice to hear of a sick kitchen in one place; of penny meals and pleasant rooms to eat them in another; and of proposals for a training kitchen elsewhere.

We are all glad to hear that in some districts the melancholy sameness of the dole of meal and soup, or bread and soup, is broken up, and that the variety of potato-hash, rice and milk, &c., is introduced. But still, we are but too well aware that the people generally are not sufficiently nourished, and that they do not so enjoy their meals as to derive the full benefit of what they eat. We have not now, thank Heaven! natural philosophers who propose starch for poor men's diet, because starch comprehends such and such nutritious elements; nor mighty Dukes who come forward, brave in conscious humanity, to recommend a pinch of curry powder in cold water to warm the poor man's stomach, aching with emptiness. We have not to blush for this kind of display of humanity; but neither have we as yet a Count Rumford who would ask of us only our money and our help in order to ensure a full and comfortable support to every sufferer in Lancashire till the mills are going again. We would readily forgive the appearance of military drill in his methods, at such an hour as the present, in consideration of the security he would certainly give us that nobody should die of hunger, or of fever as a consequence of hunger, if only we would provide the money, and would give him the spending of it. If a Count Rumford the Second would present himself to-day, we would make sure of his name being known in the next century more widely and more familiarly than that of his predecessor.

If we had such a "guide, philosopher and friend" at this moment, we must give him something more than even the ares of our cotton manufacture to manage. We must, be the Lancashire pressure what it might, take him to the Island of Skye. Yes, even so; though it is no trifle to cross the turbulent Northern seas, and land on the Hebrides in winter. The melancholy truth is that unless we do, in heart and in purse, cross that stormy sea, and visit Skye without delay, the sounding shores of that solemn island will be strewn with the silent dead by the time the winter is over. According to the latest accounts, the state of things in Skye is this.

The twenty thousand inhabitants have a more precarious subsistence than the inhabitants of almost any other part of the United Kingdom. Their soil is barren, except in a few valleys, and at the heads of the interior lochs; and from the mountains the traveller may see how scanty is the tillage. There are strips of cultivation in the levels and by the margin of the lakes, and patches here and there on the moorlands; and there are a few scattered farms, very poor, and difficult to manage. The climate is such that nothing is attempted beyond oats and potatoes. These and the fishery constitute the maintenance of the country and shore people; and the trades-folk depend, of course, on the custom of their neighbors. Everything that is imported is dear; and almost everything is imported—even to butcher's meat. Peat from the moorland is the fuel used. It is not many years since the resources of the island failed, and the people were reduced to the most dreadful straits before we heard of their condition. It was a terrible spectacle, we were then told, to see the famine-stricken crowds snatching from one another the shell-fish on the shore—the only thing they had to eat. There was a large emigration from Skye that year; and as soon as the misery of the place was heard of, provisions were shipped thither.

The same thing must be done now, and without delay. The oats have almost altogether failed to ripen this year; and a considerable proportion has never been cut at all. It lies swamped under the snow. The potatoes are the main resource of the people, from autumn to midsummer, and the potatoes are this season a mere mass of putridity. The inhabitants are sitting amidst their hurricanes, and hail, and snow, without fires as well as without food; for the continual rains of this year have so flooded the moorland that no peat could be got. The ministers of Skye are in despair about saving the people without immediate help; and already the children are down in measles, and their parents wasting away in low fever. The fever is creeping on from house to house, and from village to village. Such is the account which lies before me, from the hand of the minister of Sleat. The name will call up recollections in the minds of tourists, who may perhaps feel that their summer pleasures so far bind them to the place and people as to constitute some sort of obligation to help them in their fearful stress. In the absence of a Count Rumford, we must use our own wits about how to go to work: and we ought to have both wit and heart enough to ship off some cargoes of potatoes, meal, and fuel (peat, if possible, to suit the island-hearths.) Unless this is done, there will be something worse in Skye than we have been dreading in Lancashire.

Will some one go, and cross that strip of stormy sea, and learn the extent of the need, and show us how to meet it, in the quickest and best way? If so, that explorer will look back, all his life, on that winter trip with more satisfaction than on any autumn tour-ing, from the peaks of the Alps to the depths of Mammoth caves.

☞ The example of a ruler should have the force of law, and all the laws of a ruler should be enforced by his example.

HARD TIMES IN LANCASHIRE.

("Endure hardness."—2 *Timothy*, ii. 3.)

Ah, yes! It is hard for the honest man
To sit at home, and, with drooping head,
To watch his baby's face grow wan
Because its mother is wanting bread;
When hands that would work with might and will,
Have nought to do, from early to late;
For the mighty engines are cold and still,
And closed is the factory's heavy gate.
Hard times!

'Tis hard to think of the landlord's rent,
And the baker's bill, with its heavy score;
And 'tis hard; when the savings all are spent,
To stand in the throng at the workhouse door.
Yet an honest man is a noble sight,
At workhouse door or palace hall,
If he shun the wrong, and do the right,
And put his trust in his God through all
Hard times.

—*The British Workman for December.*

HOW GHOST STORIES
SOMETIMES ORIGINATE.

There is a strange story which is going the rounds of every dinner-table in Paris, and which has a valuable moral, for it shows how many a ghost story and unearthly apparition may be explained away into a natural occurrence:

In 1820, Mons. de Perthuys, a naval officer who died in Paris last year, and whose name is now before courts of justice in consequence of a suit brought upon the interpretation of his will—I say, in 1820 Mons. de Perthuys came up to Paris from a distant provincial town.

There was no railways, and consequently no undistinguishing throng of travellers in those days. Diligences still creeped over the roads with their half dozen passengers, whom they soon jostled into intimacy in the course of the first fifteen or twenty ruts over which the cumbrous vehicles jolted.

In the coupe with Mons. de Perthuys was a young man of his age. They soon became intimate. Mons. de Perthuys found that his companion was on his way to Melun, to marry a charming and wealthy young lady, whom he had never seen, but whom their parents had long destined to union in matrimony. These sorts of marriages were formerly quite common in France. They are rarer now, but still exist.

He was going to see his betrothed, to cultivate her acquaintance, in order that each might judge whether the other's character offered every desirable security for happiness. During the several days the young men were together, Mons. de Perthuys came into possession of every particular concerning his travelling companion. Soon after they reached Melun the young man was taken dangerously ill. He expired in the course of the night; his last request was to beg Mons. de Perthuys to go to the lady's family and acquaint them with the circumstances of his departure. Early next morning Mons. de Perthuys took possession of all the young man's papers and set out for the mansion in the neighborhood, which he was to plunge into the deepest distress. He was extremely embarrassed. His embarrassment was greatly increased by the reception he met. As soon as he appeared at the gate on the roadside—which was a great distance from the house—everybody ran out to meet him; they were sure that he was the affianced lover of the house's heiress.

He was not allowed time to open his lips; each member of the family pressed him in their arms, and, these embraces exchanged, the father carried him into the drawing-room and made ten thousand inquiries. Mons. de Perthuy's embarrassment soon became an inexcusable levity. He was amused by this comedy of errors, and he determined to play out his part. Breakfast passed away and dinner, which was kept until late in the afternoon, (they dine at twelve or one in the country.) After dinner the father proposed to Mons. de Perthuys to take a walk to talk over serious matters. He opened conversation by asking if he had no papers for him. Mons. Perthuys replied by giving him the packet of papers he had taken from his deceased companion's trunk. They were found to be satisfactory.

"You must stay here to-night," said the father.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because I have an appointment at sunset this evening, which I must keep."

"What is there so imperative? We all look upon you as our guest for some days to come."

"I am very sorry I cannot stay. But I died last night at the inn at Melun, and I am to be buried this evening at sundown. It is time for me to be off. Farewell, sir; farewell!"

So saying, off Mons. de Perthuys ran as fast as he could go, leaving his host perfectly confounded. But in a few moments the latter, tainking it a joke on the part of his future son-in-law, returned to the house and told it to the ladies, who laughed heartily at the oddness of the expedient to which the young man had resorted to escape from the grave conversation upon business of his host. They were, however, rather startled at hearing, at sundown, the village church bell toll for a funeral. The father went out to see who was dead. He was told that a gentleman had died at the inn. He went to the inn and there he found that the young gentleman who was affianced to his daughter had died the night before, and was then to be buried. When the old gentleman heard this, and saw the funeral preparations, he fell on the floor in a swoon. Mons. de Perthuys instantly left for Paris, and that worthy family remained until their last days convinced that they had seen and talked with a spirit. Don't you think that a great many ghost stories rest upon some comely or tragedy like this, a mistake of persons?

A DEATHLESS LOVE.

Oh, sing that plaintive sang, dear May!
Ance mair, ere life I tyne;
There's no in a' the world, dear bairn,
A voice sae sweet as thine.
Alang life's brig I've tottered lang;
The broken arch is near;
And when I fa', I fain wad hae
Thy warbling in my ear.

Oh, sing again that plaintive sang!
It waukens memories sweet,
That slumbered in the past afar,
Whare youth an' bairn-time meet.
I roam through woods wi' berries rich,
Or owre the breezy hills
Unwearied wander far, to dream
Beside love-hallowed rills.

Sit owre beside me, winsome bairn,
And let me kiss thy broo;
Wi' baith thy warm wee hauns press mine—
Oh, would the end come noo!
Or would—but 'tis a sinfu' wish,
As sinfu' as it's vain—
We could nit sit for ever thus,
Nor thou a child remain.

There's nane I love like theo, dear bairn—
Thou ken's nae why, I ween?
Thou only hast thy grannie's smile,
Thou only her blue een;
Thou only wilt the village maids
Like her in sang excel;
Thou only hast her brow and cheek,
Wi' rosy dimple dell.

It's mony weary years since she
Was 'neath the gowans laid,
Yet aft I hear her on the brae,
And see her waving plaid;
And aften yet, in lanely hours,
Returns the thrill o' pride
I felt, when first we mutual love
Confessed on Lavern side.

They say there's music in the storm
That tower and tree owreturns,
And beauty in the smooring drift
That hides the glens and burns;
And mercy in the fate that from
The waefu' husband tears
The angel o' a happy hame,
The love o' early years:

But he whase house the storm has wrecked,
Nae music hears it breathe;
Wha e'er saw beauty in the drift
That happ'd a freen' wi' death?
Oh, wha' when fate wi' ruthless haun'
His life's ae flower lays low,
Can breathe a grateful prayer, and feel
There's mercy in the blow?

Sae thought I when her een I closed,
And, though the thought was wrang,
It haunted me when to the fields
My meal's nae mair she brang;
And aften by the lane dykeside
A tearfu' grace was sain:*
And aft, alas! wi' bitter heart
The Books at e'en I ta'en.

Nane think how sadly owre my head
The lang, lang years hae passed;
Nane ken how near its end has crept,
The langest and the last.
But I fu' brawly ken; for, May,
Your grannie cam yestreen,
And joy and hope were in her smile,
And welcome in her een.

Sit near me, May; sit nearer yet!
My heart at time stauns still:
'Tis sweet to fa' asleep for aye
By sic a blithesome rill.
My thoughts are wanderin, bairn. The veil
O' heaven aside seems drawn,
The deepenin' autumn gloamin's turned
To summer's brightest dawn.

My een grows heavy, May, and dim;
What unco sounds I hear!
It seems a sweeter voice than thine
That's croonin' in my ear.
Lean owre me wi' thy grannie's face,
And waefu' glistenin' ee;
Lean kindly owre me, bairn, for nane
Maun close my een but thee.
—*Blackwood.* DAVID WINGATE.

*Sain—said.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT GONE BY.

As the spring advanced, sickness began to prevail in Deerham. The previous autumn, the season when the enemy chiefly loved to show itself, had been comparatively free, but he appeared to be about taking his revenge now. In every third house people were down with ague and fever. Men who ought to be strong for their daily toil, women whose services were wanted for their households and their families, children whose young frames where unfitted to battle with it, were indiscriminately attacked. It was capricious as a summer's wind. In some dwellings it would be the strongest and bravest signalled out; in some the weakest and most delicate. Jan was worked off his legs. Those necessary appendages to active Jan generally were exercised pretty well; but Jan could not remember the time when they had been worked as they were now. Jan grew cross. Not at the amount of work; it may be questioned whether Jan did not rather prefer that, than the contrary; but at the prevailing state of things. "It's a sin and a shame that precautions are not taken against this periodical sickness," said Jan, speaking out more forcibly than was his wont. "If the place were drained and the dwellings improved, the ague would run away to more congenial quarters. *I'd* not own Verner's Pride, unless I could show myself fit to be its owner."

The shaft may have been levelled at John Massingbird, but Lionel Verner took it to himself. How full of self-reproach he was, he alone knew. He had had the power in his own hands to make these improvements, and in some manner or other he had let the time slip by; now, the power was wrested from him. It is ever so. Golden opportunities come into our hands, and we look at them complacently, and—do not use them. Bitter regrets, sometimes remorse, take their places when they have flitted away for ever; but neither the regret nor the remorse can recall the opportunity lost.

Lionel pressed the necessity upon John Massingbird. It was all he could do now. John received it with complacent good-humor and laughed at Lionel for making the request. But that was all.

"Set about draining Clay Lane, and build up new tenements in place of the old?" cried he. "What next, Lionel?"

"Look at the sickness the present state of things brings," returned Lionel. "It is what ought to have been altered years ago."

"Ah!" said John. "Why didn't you alter it, then, when you had Verner's Pride?"

"You may well ask! It was my first thought when I came into the estate. I would set about that; I would set about other improvements. Some I did carry out, as you know; but these, the most needful, I left in abeyance. It lies on my conscience now."

They were in the study. Lionel was at the desk, some papers before him; John Massingbird had lounged in for a chat—as he was fond of doing, to the interruption of Lionel. He was leaning against the door-post; his attire not precisely such that a gentleman might choose who wished to send his photograph to make a morning call. His pantaloons were hitched up by a belt—braces, John said, were not fashionable at the Diggings, and he had learned the comfort of doing without them; a loose sort of round drab coat without tails; no waistcoat; a round brown hat, much bent, and a pair of slippers. Such was John Massingbird's favorite costume, and he might be seen in it at all hours of the day. When he wanted to go abroad, his toilette was made, as the French say, by the exchanging of the slippers for boots, and the taking in his hand a club stick. John's whiskers were growing again, and promised to be as fine a pair as he had worn before going out to Australia; and now he was letting his beard grow, but it looked very grim and stubbly. Truth to say, a stranger passing through the village and casting his eyes on John Massingbird, would not have taken him to be the master of that fine place, Verner's Pride. Just now he had a clay pipe in his mouth, its stem little more than an inch long.

"Do you mean to assert that you'd set about these improvements, as you call them, were you to come again into Verner's Pride?" asked he of Lionel.

"I believe I should. I would say unhesitatingly that I should, save for past experience. Before my uncle died, I knew how necessary it was that they should be made, and I so much believed that I should set about them the first thing when I came into the estate, as that I believe I am now talking to you. But you see I did not begin them. It has taught me to be chary of making assertions beforehand."

"I suppose you think you'd do it."

"If I know anything of my own resolution I should do it. Were Verner's Pride to lapse to me to-morrow, I believe I should set about it the next day. But," Lionel added, after a short pause, "there's no probability of its lapsing to me. Therefore I want you to set about it in my place."

"I can't afford it," replied John Massingbird.

"Nonsense! I wish I could afford things a quarter as well as you."

"I tell you I can't," reiterated John, taking his pipe from his mouth to make a spittoon of the carpet, another convenience he had learnt at the Diggings. "I'm sure I don't know how on earth my money goes; I never did know all my life how money went; but, go it does. When Fred and I were little chaps, some benevolent old soul tipped us half a crown apiece. Mine was gone by middle day, and I could not account for more than ninepence of it; never could till this day. Fred at the end of a twelvemonth's time had got his half crown snug still in his pocket. Had Fred come into Verner's Pride, he'd have lived in style on a thousand of his income yearly, and put by the rest."

He never would, Sibylla being his wife, thought Lionel. But he did not say it to John Massingbird.

"An estate like this, brings its duties with it, John," said he. "Remember those poor people down with sickness."

"Bother duty," returned John. "Look here, Lionel; you waste your breath and your words. I have *not* got the money to spend upon it; how do you know, old fellow, what my private expenses may be? And if I had the money, I should not do it," he continued. "The present state of the property was deemed good enough by Mr. Verner; it was so deemed (if we may judge by facts) by Mr. Lionel Verner; and it is deemed good enough by John Massingbird. It is not he who's going to have the cost thrown upon him. So let it drop."

There was no resource but to let it drop; for, that he was in full earnest, Lionel saw. John continued.

"You can save up the alterations for yourself, to be commenced when you come into the property. A nice *beaux banche* of outlay for you to contemplate."

"I don't look to come into it," replied Lionel.

"The probabilities are that you will come into it," returned John Massingbird, more seriously than he often spoke. "Barring getting shot, or run over by a railway train, you'll make old bones, you will. You have never played with your constitution; I have, in more ways than one; and in bare years I have considerably the advantage of you. Pshaw! when I am a skeleton in my coffin, you'll still be a young man. You can make your cherished alterations then."

"You may well say in more ways than one," returned Lionel, half joking, half serious. "There's smoking amidst the catalogue. How many pipes do you smoke in a day? Fifty?"

"Why didn't you say day and night? Tynn lives in perpetual torment lest my bed should ignite some night, and burn up him, as well as Verner's Pride. I go to sleep sometimes with my pipe in my mouth as we do at the Diggings. Now and then I feel half inclined to make a rush back there. It suited me better than this."

Lionel bent over some papers that were before him, a hint that he had business to do. Mr. Massingbird did not take it. He began filling his pipe again, scattering the tobacco on the ground wholesale in the process, talking at the same time.

"I say, Lionel, why did old Verner leave the place away from you? Have you ever wondered?"

Lionel glanced up at him in surprise.

"Have I ever ceased wondering, you might have said. I don't know why he did."

"Did he never give you a reason—or an explanation?"

"Nothing of the sort. Except—yes, except a trifle. Some time after his death, Mrs. Tynn discovered a formidable-looking packet in one of his drawers; sealed, and directed to me. She thought it was the missing codicil; so did I, until I opened it. It proved to contain nothing but a glove; one of my old gloves, and a few lines from my uncle. They were to the effect that when I received the glove I should know why he disinherited me."

"And did you know?" asked John Massingbird, applying a light to his pipe.

"Not in the least. It left the affair more obscure, if possible, than it had been before. I suppose I never shall know now."

"Never's a long day," cried John Massingbird. "But you told me about this glove affair before."

"Did I? Oh, I remember. When you first returned. That is all the explanation I have ever had."

"It was not much," said John. "Dickens take this pipe! It won't draw. Where's my knife?"

Not finding his knife about him, he went off to look for it, dragging his slippers along the hall in his usual lazy fashion. Lionel, glad of the respite, applied himself to his work.

One was dying in Deerham, but not of ague; and that was old Matthew Frost. Matthew was dying of old age, to which we must all succumb, if we live long enough.

April was in, and the fever and ague were getting better, when news was brought to Lionel one morning that old Matthew was expected not to last through the day. Jan called in at Deerham Court and told him so. Lionel had been starting to Verner's Pride; but he changed his course towards Clay Lane.

"Jan," said he, as he was turning away, "I wish you'd go up and see Sibylla. I am sure she is very ill."

"I'll go if you like," said Jan. "But there's no use in it. She won't listen to a word I say, or attend to a single direction that I give. Hayes told me, when he came over last week, that it was the same with him. She persists to him, as she does to me, that she has no need of medicine or care; that she is quite well."

"I am aware of it," replied Lionel. "But I feel sure she is very ill."

"I know she is," said Jan. "She's worse than folks think for. Perhaps you amongst them, Lionel. I'll go up to her."

He turned into the house as he spoke, and Lionel went on to Clay Lane.

Old Matthew was lying on his bed very peaceful. Peaceful as to his inward and his outward state. Though exceedingly weak, gradually sinking, he retained both speech and intellect: he was passing away without pain, and with his faculties about him. What a happy death-bed, when all is peace within! His dim eyes lighted up with pleasure when he saw Mr. Verner.

"Have you come to see the last of me, sir?" he asked, as Lionel took his hand.

"Not quite the last yet, I hope, Matthew."

"Don't hope it, sir, nor wish it, neither," returned the old man, lifting his hand with a deprecatory movement. "I'm on the threshold of a better world, sir, and I'd not turn back to this, if God was to give me the choice of it. I'm a going to my rest, sir. Life as my bed has waited for me, and been welcome to me, after a hard day's toil, so is my rest now at hand after my life's toil. It is as surely waiting for me as ever was my bed; and I am longing to get well."

Lionel looked down at the calm, serene face, fair and smooth yet. The skin was drawn tight over it, especially over the well-formed nose, and the white locks fell on the pillow behind. It may be wrong to say there was a holy expression pervading the face; but it certainly gave that impression to Lionel Verner.

"I wish all the world—when their time comes—could die as you are dying, Matthew!" he exclaimed, in the impulse of his heart.

"Sir, all *might*. If they'd only live for it. It's many a year ago now, Mr. Lionel, that I learnt to make a friend of God. He has stood me in good need. And those that do learn to make a friend of Him, sir, don't fear to go to Him."

Lionel drew forward a chair and sat down in it. The old man continued.

"Things seem to have been smoothed for me in a wonderful manner, sir. My great trouble, of late years, has been Robin. I feared how it might be with him when I went away and left him here alone: for you know the queer way he has been in, sir, since that great misfortune; and I have been a bit of a check on him, keeping him, as may be said, within bounds. Well, that trouble is done away with for me, sir; Robin he has got his mind at rest, and he won't break out again. In a short while I am in hopes he'll be quite what he used to be."

"Matthew, it was my firm intention to continue your annuity to Robin," spoke Lionel. "I am sorry the power to do so has been taken from me. You know that it will not rest with me now, but with Mr. Massingbird. I fear he is not likely to continue it."

"Don't regret it, sir. Robin, I say, is growing to be an industrious man again, and he can get a living well. If he had stopped a half-dazed do-nothing, he might have wanted that, or some other help; but it isn't so. His trobble's at rest, and his old energies are coming back to him. It seems to have left my mind at leisure, sir; and I can go away, praying for the souls of my poor daughter and of Frederick Massingbird."

The name—*his*—aroused the attention of Lionel: more perhaps than he would have cared to confess. But his voice and manner retained their quiet calmness.

"What did you say, Matthew?"

"It was him, sir; Mr. Frederick Massingbird. It was nobody else."

Down deep in Lionel Verner's heart there had lain a conviction, almost ever since that fatal night, that the man had been no other than the one now spoken of, the younger Massingbird. Why the impression should have come to him he could not have told at the time: something perhaps in Frederick's manner had given rise to it. On the night before John Massingbird's departure for Australia, after the long interview he had held with Mr. Verner in the study, which was broken in upon by Lionel on the part of Robin Frost, the three young men—the Massingbirds and Lionel—had subsequently remained together, discussing the tragedy. In that interview, it was that a sudden doubt of Frederick Massingbird entered the mind of Lionel. It was impossible for him to tell why: he only knew that the impression, nay, it were more correct to say the conviction, seized hold upon him, never to be eradicated. He surmised not how far his guilt might have extended; but that he was the guilty one, he fully believed. It was not his business to proclaim this; had it been a certainty, instead of a fancy, Lionel would not have made it his business: but when Frederick Massingbird was on the point of marrying Sibylla, then Lionel partially broke through his reserve, and asked him whether he had nothing on his conscience that ought to prevent his making her his wife. Frederick answered freely and frankly to all appearance, and for the moment Lionel's doubts were dissipated: only, however, to return afterwards with increased force. Consequently he was not surprised to hear this said, though surprised at Matthew Frost's knowing it.

"How did you hear it, Matthew?" he asked.

"Robin got at it, sir. Poor Robin, he was altogether on the wrong scent for a long while, thinking it was Mr. John; but it's set right now, and Robin, he's at ease. May Heaven have mercy upon Frederick Massingbird!"

Successful rival though he had proved to him, guilty man that he had been, Lionel heartily echoed the prayer. He asked no more questions of the old man upon the subject, but afterwards, when he was going out, he met Robin and stopped him.

"Robin, what is this, that your father has been telling me about Frederick Massingbird?"

"Only to think of it!" was Robin's response, growing somewhat excited. "To think how our ways get balked! I had swore to be revenged—as you know, sir—and now the power of revenge is took from me! He's gone where my revenge can't reach him. It's of no good—I see it—for us to plan. Our plans 'll never be carried out, if they don't please God."

"And it *was* Frederick Massingbird?"

"It was Frederick Massingbird," assented Robin, his breath coming thick and fast with agitation. "We had got but one little ewe lamb, and he must leave the world that was open to him, and pick her up, and destroy her! I ain't calm yet to talk of it, sir."

"But how did you ascertain this? Your suspicions, you know, were directed to Mr. John Massingbird. Wrongly, as I believed; as I told you."

"Yes, they were wrong," said Robin. "I was, at upon the wrong scent: but not wilfully. You might remember a dairy wench that lived at Verner's Pride in them days, sir; Dolly, her name was; she that went and got married after to Joe Stubbs, Mr. Bitterworth's wagoner. It was she told me, sir. I used to be up there a good bit with Stubbs, and one day when I was sick and ill there, the wife told me she had seen one of the gentlemen come from the Willow Pool that past night. I pressed her to tell me which of them, and at first she said she couldn't, and then she said it was Mr. John. I never thought but she told me right, but it seems—as she confesses now—that she only said it was him to satisfy me, and because she thought he was dead, over in Australia, and it wouldn't matter if she did say it. I worried her life out over it, she says: and it's like I did. She says now, if she was put upon her Bible oath, she couldn't say which of the gentlemen it was, more nor the other: but she did see one of 'em."

"But this is not telling me how you know it to have been Mr. Frederick, Robin."

"I learnt it from Mr. John, was the reply. When he come back I saw him; I knew it was him; and I got a gun and watched for him. I meant to take my revenge, sir, Roy, he found me out; and in a night or two he brought me face to face with Mr. John, and Mr. John, he told me the truth. But he'd only tell it me upon my giving him my promise not to expose his brother. So I'm balked even of that revenge. I had always counted on the exposing of the man," added Robin, in a dreamy tone, as if he were looking back into the past: "when I thought it was Mr. John, I only waited for Luke Roy to come home, that I might expose him. I thought Luke, being so much with him in Australia, might have heard a slip word drop as would confirm it. Somehow, though I thought Dolly Stubbs spoke truth, I didn't feel so sure of her, as to noise it abroad."

"You say it was Mr. John Massingbird who told you it was his brother?"

"He told me, sir. He told me at Roy's, when he was a hiding there. When the folks here was going mad about the ghost, I knowed who the ghost was, and had my laugh at 'em. It seemed that I could laugh then," added Robin, looking at Mr. Verner, as if he deemed an apology for the words necessary. "My mind was set at rest."

Did a thought cross Lionel Verner that John Massingbird, finding his own life in peril from Robin's violence, had thrown the blame upon his brother falsely? It might have done so, but for his own deeply-rooted suspicions. That John would not be scrupulously particular to truth, he believed, where his own turn was to be served. Lionel at any rate felt that he should like, for his satisfaction, to have the matter set at rest, and he took his way to Verner's Pride.

John Massingbird, his costume not improved in elegance, or his clay pipe in length, was lounging at his ease on one of the amber damask satin couches of the drawing-room, his feet on the back of a proximate chair, and his slippers fallen off on the carpet. A copious tumbler of rum-and-water—his favorite beverage since his return—was on a table, handy; and there he lay, enjoying his ease.

"Hallos, old fellow! How are you?" was his greeting to Lionel, given without changing his position in the least.

"Massingbird, I want to speak to you," rejoined Lionel. "I have been to see old Matthew Frost, and he has said something which surprises me—"

"The old man's about to make a start of it, I hear," was the interruption of Massingbird.

"He cannot last long. He has been speaking—naturally—of that unhappy business of his daughter's. He lays it to the door of Frederick; and Robin tells me that he had the information from you."

"I was obliged to give it him, in self-defence," said John Massingbird. "The fellow had got it into his head, in some unaccountable manner, that I was the black sheep, and was prowling about with a gun, ready capped and loaded, to put a bullet into me. I don't set so much store by my life as some fidgets do, but it's not pleasant to be shot off in that summary fashion. So I sent for Mr. Robin and satisfied him that he was making the same blunder that Deerham just then was doing—mistaking one brother for the other."

"*Was* it Frederick?"

"It was."

"Did you know it at the time?"

"No. Never suspected him at all."

"Then how did you learn it afterwards?"

John Massingbird took his legs from the chair. He rose and brought himself to an anchor on a seat facing Lionel, puffing still at his incessant pipe.

"I don't mind trusting you, old chap, being one of us, and I couldn't help trusting Robin Frost. Roy, he knew it before: at least, his wife did; which amounts to something of the same; and she spoke of it to me. I have ordered them to keep a close tongue, under pain of unheard-of penalties. Which I should never inflict: but it's as well to let poor Fred's memory rest in quiet and good odor. I believe honestly it's the only scrape of the sort he ever got into. He was cold and cautious."

"But how did you learn it?" reiterated Lionel.

"I'll tell you. I learnt it from Luke Roy."

"From Luke Roy!" repeated Lionel, more at sea than before.

"Do you remember that I had sent Luke on to London a few days before this happened? He was to get things forward for our voyage. He was *low*—as the French say—after Rachel; and what did he do but come back again in secret, to get a last look at her, perhaps a word. It happened to be that very night, and Luke was a partial witness to the scene at the Willow Pool. He saw and heard her meeting with Frederick; heard quite enough to know that there was no chance for him; and he was stealing away, leaving Fred and Rachel at the termination of their quarrel, when he met his mother. She knew him, it seems, and to that encounter we are indebted for her display when before Mr. Verner, and her lame account of the 'ghost.' You must recollect it. She got up the ghost tale to excuse her own terror; to throw the scent off Luke. The woman says her life, since, has been that of a martyr, ever fearing that suspicion might fall upon her son. She recognized him beyond doubt; and nearly died with the consternation. He glided off, never speaking to her, but the fear and consternation remained. She recognized, too, she says, the voice of Frederick as the one that was quarrelling: but she did not dare confess it. For one thing, she knew not how far Luke might be implicated."

Lionel leaned his brow on his hand, deep in thought.

"How far was Frederick implicated?" he asked, in a low tone. "Did he—did he put her into the pond?"

"No!" burst forth John Massingbird, with a vehemence that sent the ashes of his pipe flying. "Fred would not be guilty of such a crime as that, any more than you or I would. He had—he had made vows to the girl, and broken them; and that was the extent of it. No such great sin, after all, or it would not be so fashionable a one," carelessly added John Massingbird.

Lionel waited in silence.

"By what Luke could gather," went on John, "it appeared that Rachel had seen Fred that night with his cousin Sibylla—your wife now. What she had seen or heard, goodness knows: but enough to prove to her that Fred's real love was given to Sibylla; that she was his contemplated wife. It drove Rachel mad: Fred had probably filled her up with the idea that the honor was destined for herself. Men are deceivers ever, and women soft, you know, Lionel."

"And they quarrelled over it?"

"They quarrelled over it. Rachel, awakened out of her credulity, met him with bitter reproaches. Luke could not hear what was said towards its close. The meeting—no doubt a concerted one—had been in that grove in view of the willow-pool, the very spot that Master Luke had chosen for his own hiding-place. They left it and walked towards Verner's Pride, disputing vehemently; Roy made off the other way, and the last he saw of them when they were nearly out of sight, was a final explosion, in which they parted. Fred set off to run towards Verner's Pride, and Rachel came flying back towards the pond. There's not a shadow of doubt that in her passion, her unhappy state of feeling, she flung herself in: and if Luke had only waited two minutes longer, he might have been in at the death—as we say by the foxes. That's the solution of what has puzzled Deerham for years, Lionel."

"Could Luke not have saved her?"

"He never knew she was in the pond.—Whether the unexpected sight of his mother scared his senses away, he has often wondered; but he heard neither the splash in the water nor the shriek. He made off pretty quick, he says, for fear his mother should attempt to stop him, or proclaim his presence aloud—an inconvenient procedure, since he was supposed to be in London. Luke never knew of her death until we were on the voyage. I got to London only in time to go on board the ship in the docks, and we had been out for days at sea before he learnt that Rachel was dead, or I that Luke had been down, on the sly, to Deerham. I had to get over that precious sea-sickness, before entering upon that, or any other talk, I can tell you. It's a shame it should attack men!"

"I suspected Fred at the time!" said Lionel.

"You did! Well, I did not. My suspicions had turned to a very different quarter.

"Upon whom?"

"Oh bother! where's the good of reaping it up, now it's over and done with?" retorted John Massingbird. "There's the paper of baccy by your elbow, chum. Chuck it here."

CHAPTER LIV.

A CRISIS IN SIBYLLA'S LIFE.

Sibylla Verner neither improved in health nor temper. Body and mind were alike diseased. As the spring had advanced her weakness appeared to increase; the symptoms of consumption became more palpable. She would not allow that she was ill; she no doubt thought that there was nothing serious the matter with her; nothing, as she told everybody, but the vexing after Verner's Pride.

Dr. West had expressed an opinion that her irritability, which she could neither conceal nor check, was the result of her state of health. He was very likely right. One thing was certain: that since she grew weaker and worse, this unhappy frame of mind had greatly increased. The whole business of her life appeared to be to grumble; to be cross, snappish, fretful. If her body was diseased, most decidedly her temper was. The great grievance of quitting Verner's Pride she appeared to make a plea for the indulgence of every complaint under the sun. She could no longer gather a gay crowd of visitors around her; she had lost the opportunity with Verner's Pride: she could no longer indulge in unlimited orders for new dresses and bonnets, and other charming adjuncts to the toilette, without reference to how they were to be paid for: she had not a dozen servants at her beck and call; if she wanted to pay a visit, there was no elegant equipage, the admiration of all beholders, to convey her. She had lost all with Verner's Pride. Not a day—scarcely an hour—passed, but one or other, or all of these vexations, were made the subject of fretful, open repining. Not to Lady Verner. Sibylla would not have dared to annoy her; nor to Decima or to Lucy, but to her husband. How weary his ear was, how weary his spirit, no tongue could tell. She tried him in every way—she did nothing but find fault with him. When he stayed out she grumbled at him for staying, meeting him with reproaches on his entrance; when he remained in, she grumbled at him. In her sad frame of mind, it was essential—there are frames of mind in which it is essential, as the medical man will tell you; where the sufferer cannot help it—that she should have some object on which to vent her irritability. Not being in her own house, there was but her husband. He was the only one sufficiently nearly connected with her to whom the courtesies of life could be dispensed with; and therefore he came in for it all. At Verner's Pride there would have been her servants to share it with him; at Dr. West's there would have been her sisters; at Lady Verner's there was her husband alone. Times upon times Lionel felt inclined to run away; like the disobedient boys run to sea.

The little hint dropped by Dr. West, touching the past, had not been without its fruits in Sibylla's mind. It lay and smouldered there. *Had* Lionel been attached to Lucy?—had there been love scenes, love-making between them?—Sibylla asked herself the question ten times in a day. Now and then she let drop a sharp acrid bit of venom to him—his "old love, Lucy." Lionel would receive it with impassibility, never answering.

On the day spoken of in the last chapter, when Matthew Frost was dying, she was more ill at ease, more intensely irritable than usual. Lady Verner had gone with some friends to Heartburg, and was not expected home until night; Decima and Lucy went out in the afternoon, and Sibylla was alone,

Lionel had not been home since he went out in the morning to see Matthew Frost. The fact was, Lionel had had a busy day of it; what with old Matthew and what with his conversation with John Massingbird afterwards, certain work which ought to have been done in the morning he had left till the afternoon. It was nothing unusual for him to be out all day; but Sibylla was choosing to make his being out on this day an unusual grievance. As the hours of the afternoon passed on and on, and it grew late, and nobody appeared, she could scarcely suppress her temper, her restlessness. She was a bad one to be alone; had never liked to be alone for five minutes in her life: and thence perhaps the secret of her having made so much of a companion of her maid, Benolte. In point of fact, Sibylla Verner had no resources within herself; and she made up for the want by indulging in her naturally bad temper!

"Where were they? Where was Decima? Where was Lucy? Above all, where was Lionel? Sibylla, not being able to answer the questions, suddenly began to get up a pretty little plot of imagination—that Lucy and Lionel were somewhere together. Had Sibylla possessed one of Sam Weller's patent self-acting microscopes, able to afford a view through space and stairs, and deal doors, she might have seen Lionel seated alone in the study at Verner's Pride, amidst his leases and papers; and Lucy in Clay Lane, paying visits with Decima from cottage to cottage. Not possessing one of those admirable instruments—if somebody at the West end would but set up a stock of them for sale, what a lot of customers he'd have! Sibylla was content to cherish the mental view she had conjured up, and to improve upon it. All the afternoon she kept improving upon it, until she worked herself up to that agreeable pitch of distorted excitement when a person does not know what is real, and what fancy. It was a regular April day; one of sunshine and storm now, the sun shining out bright and clear; now, the rain pattering against the panes; and Sibylla wandered from room to room, up stairs and down, as stormy as the weather.

Had her dreams been types of fact? Upon glancing from the window, during a sharper shower than any they had yet had, she saw her husband coming in at the large gates, Lucy Tempest on his arm, over whom he was holding an umbrella. They were walking slowly, conversing—as it seemed—confidentially. It was quite enough for Mrs. Verner.

But it was a very innocent, accidental meeting, and the confidential conversation was only about the state of poor old Matthew Frost. Lionel had taken Clay Lane on his road home for the purpose of inquiring after old Matthew. There, standing in the kitchen, he found Lucy. Decima was with the old man, and it was uncertain how long she would stay with him: and Lucy, who had no umbrella, was waiting for the shower to be over to get back to Deerham Court. Lionel offered her the shelter of his. As they advanced through the court yard, Lucy saw Sibylla at the small drawing room window—the ante-room, as it was called—and nodded a smiling greeting to her. She did not return it, and Lionel saw that his wife looked black as night.

They came in, Lucy untying her bonnet strings, and addressing Sibylla in a pleasant tone.

"What a sharp storm!" she said. "And I think it means to last, for there seems no sign of its clearing up. I don't know how I should have come home but for Mr. Verner's umbrella."

No reply from Mrs. Verner.

"Decima is with old Matthew Frost," continued Lucy, passing into the drawing-room; "she desired that we would not wait dinner for her."

Then began Sibylla. She turned upon Lionel in a state of perfect fury, her temper, like a torrent, bearing down all before it—all decency, all consideration.

"Where have you been? You and she?" "Do you allude to Lucy?" he asked, pausing before he replied, and looking at her with surprise. "We have been nowhere. I saw her at old Frost's as I came by, and brought her home."

"It is a falsehood!" raved Sibylla. "You are carrying on a disgraceful intimacy with each other in secret. I have been blind long enough, but—"

Lionel caught her arm, pointing in peremptory silence to the drawing-room door, which was not closed, his white face betraying his inward agitation.

"She is there!" he whispered. "She can hear you."

But Sibylla's passion was terrible—not to be controlled. All the courtesies of life were lost sight of—its social usages were as nothing. She flung Lionel's hand away from her.

"I hope she can hear me!" broke like a torrent from her trembling lips. "It is time she heard, and others also! I have been blind, I say, long enough. But for papa, I might have gone on in my blindness to the end."

How was he to stop it? That Lucy must hear every word as plainly as he did, he knew; words that fell upon his ears, and blistered them. There was no egress for her—no other door—she was there in a cage, as may be said. He did what was the best to be done under the circumstances: he walked into the presence of Lucy, leaving Sibylla to herself.

At least it might have been the best in some cases. It was not in this. Sibylla, lost in that moment to all sense of the decency due to herself, to her husband, to Lucy, followed her wild fancies, her passion, to overmaster everything and she followed him in. Her eyes blazing, her cheeks aflame, she planted herself in front of Lucy.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Lucy Tempest, to vilify my husband from me?"

Lucy looked perfectly aghast. That she thought Mrs. Verner had suddenly gone mad may be excused to her. A movement of fear escaped her, and she drew involuntarily nearer to Lionel, as if for protection.

"No! you shan't go to him! There has been enough of it. You shan't side with him against me! He is my husband! How dare you forget it? You are killing me among you."

"I—don't—know—what—you—mean, Mrs. Verner," gasped Lucy, the words coming in jerks from her bloodless lips.

"Can you deny that he cares for you more than he does for me? And you care for him in return! You—"

"Be silent, Sibylla!" burst forth Lionel. "Do you know that you are speaking to Miss Tempest?"

"I won't be silent!" she reiterated, her voice rising to a scream. "It is time I spoke when you and Lucy Tempest carry on a secret understanding. You know you do! and you know that you meant to marry her once! Is it—"

Pushing his wife on a chair, though gently, with one arm, Lionel caught the hand of Lucy, and placed it within the other, his chest heaving with emotion. He led her out of the room, and through the ante-room in silence, to the door, halting there. She was shaking all over, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks. He took both her hands in his, in his action one of deprecating entreaty, his words falling in the tenderest accents from between his bloodless lips.

"Will you *hear* for my sake, Lucy? She is my wife. Heaven knows, upon any other I would retort the insult."

How Lucy's heart was wrung!—wrung for him. The insult to herself she could afford; being innocent, it fell with very slender force; but she felt keenly for his broken peace. Had it been to save her life, she could not help returning the pressure of his hand as she looked up to him her affirmative answer; and she saw no wrong or harm in the pressure. Lionel closed the door upon her, and returned to his wife.

A change had come over Sibylla. She had thrown herself at full length on a sofa, and was beginning to sob. He went up to her, and spoke gravely, not unkindly, his arms folded before him.

"Sibylla, when in this line of conduct to cease? I am nearly worried out—nearly," he added, putting his hand to his brow, "worried out. If I could bear the exposure for myself, I cannot bear it for my wife."

She rose up and sat down on the sofa facing him. The hectic of her cheeks had turned to scarlet.

"You do love her! You care for her more than you care for me. Can you deny it?"

"What part of my conduct has ever told you so?"

"I don't care for conduct," she fractiously retorted. "I remember what papa said, and that's enough. He said he saw how it was in the old days—that you loved her. What business had you to love her?"

"Stay, Sibylla! Carry your reflections back, and answer yourself. In those old days, when both of you were before me to choose at anyrate, to ask—I chose you, leaving her. Is it not a sufficient answer?"

Sibylla threw back her head on the sofa frame, and began to cry.

"From the hour that I made you my wife, I have striven to do my duty by you, tenderly as husband can do it. Why do you force me to reiterate this declaration, which I have made before?" he added, his face working with emotion. "Neither by word nor action have I been false to you. I have never for the briefest moment been guilty behind your back, of what I would not be guilty in your presence. No! my allegiance of duty has never swerved from you. So help me Heaven!"

"You can't swear to me that you don't love her!" was Sibylla's retort.

It appeared that he did not intend to swear it. He stood and stood against the mantel piece, in his old favorite attitude, leaning his elbow on it and his face upon his hand; a face that betrayed his inward pain. Sibylla began again to tantalize him seemed a necessity of her life.

"I might have expected trouble when I consented to marry you. Rachel Frost's fate might have taught me the lesson."

"Stay," said Lionel, lifting his head. "It is not the first hint of the sort that you have given me. Tell me honestly what it is you mean."

"You need not ask; you know already. Rachel owed her disgrace to you."

Lionel paused a moment before he rejoined. When he did, it was in a quiet tone.

"Do you speak from your own opinion?"

"No, I don't. The secret was entrusted to me."

"By whom? You must tell me, Sibylla."

"I don't know why I should not," she slowly said, as if in deliberation. "My husband trusted me with it."

"Do you allude to Frederick Massingbird?" asked Lionel, in a tone whose coldness he could not help.

"Yes, I do. He was my husband," she resentfully added. "One day, on the voyage to Australia, he dropped a word that made me think he knew something about that business of Robert's, and I teased him to tell me who it was who had played the rogue. He said it was Lionel Verner."

A pause. But for Lionel's admirable disposition, how terribly he might have retorted upon her, knowing what he had learnt that day.

"Did he tell you I had completed the roguery by pushing her into the pond?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I don't remember. Perhaps he did."

"And—doubting it—you could marry me?" quietly remarked Lionel.

She made no answer.

"Let me set you right on that point once for all, then," he continued. "I was innocent as you. I had nothing to do with it. Rachel and her father were held in too great respect by my uncle—nay, by me, I may add —for me to offer *her* anything but respect. You were misinformed, Sibylla."

She laughed scornfully.

"It is easy to say so."

"As it was for Frederick Massingbird to say to you what he did."

"If it came to the choice," she retorted, "I'd rather believe him than you."

Bitter aggravation lay in her tone, bitter aggravation in her gesture. Was Lionel tempted to forget himself?—to set her right? If so, he beat the temptation down. All men would not have been so forbearing.

"Sibylla, I have told you the truth," he simply said.

"Which is as much as to say that Fred told—" she was vehemently beginning, when the words were stopped by the entrance of John Massingbird. John, caught in the shower near Deerham Court, made no scruple of running to it for shelter, and was in time to witness Sibylla's angry tones, and inflamed face.

What precisely happened Lionel could never afterwards recall. He remembered John's free and easy salutation, "What's the row?"—he remembered Sibylla's torrent of words in answer. As little given to reticence or delicacy in the presence of her cousin, as she had been in that of Lucy Tempest, she renewed her accusation of her husband with regard to Rachel; she called on him—John—to bear testimony that Fred was truthful, and Lionel remembered little more until he saw Sibylla lying back gasping, the blood pouring from her mouth.

John Massingbird—perhaps in his eagerness to contradict her as much as in his regard to make known the truth—had answered her all too effectually before Lionel could stop him. Words that burnt into the brain of Sibylla Verner, and turned the current of her life's pulses.

It was her husband of that voyage, Frederick Massingbird, who had brought the evil upon Rachel, who had been with her by the pond, that night.

As the words left John Massingbird's lips, she rose up, and stood staring at him. Presently she essayed to speak, but not a sound issued from her drawn lips. Whether passion impeded her utterance, or startled dismay, or whether it may have been any physical impediment, it was evident that she could not get the words out.

Fighting her hands on the empty air, fighting for breath or for speech, so she remained for a passing space; and then the blood began to trickle from her mouth. In the excitement, she had burst a blood vessel.

Lionel crossed over to her; her best support. He held her in his arm, tenderly and considerately, as though she had never given him an unwifely word. Stretching out his other hand to the bell, he rang it loudly. And then he looked at Mr. Massingbird.

"Run for your life," he whispered. "Get Jan here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

The whole nation to-day is passing through a change which is like death—sharp, terrible, bitter—but leading to a renewal and rising up to a higher life. Other nations have been called through a similar discipline, and have found it the means of a great renewal.

So it was with Athens about five hundred years before Christ. When Asia hurled its innumerable hosts against her, if Athens had yielded in terror as other Grecian states yielded, to the Great King, Athens would never have been remembered by mankind. But because she was true to the love of liberty—because the Athenians gave their beautiful city to be burned and plundered rather than submit to the great slaveholder of the world, what drove his troops against them with the lash—because of this love of liberty, unconquerable and divine, Athens passed through death to a higher life. The whole Athenian people became elevated to noble purposes and aims—they became the teachers, the artists, the poets of the world—the leaders of the human race for thousands of years, in that which most dignifies and adorns our mortal life.

So, too, was it with Spain. In the beginning of the eighth century Asia again precipitated itself on Europe. The Mohammedan Arabs conquered and overran nearly the whole peninsula. But the old German race, though conquered, were not subdued. They did not submit. Among the mountains they clung to their freedom. During five hundred years they resisted, attacked, pushed on and drove back their conquerors, and at last broke their power, and then Spain rose into the most splendid empire in the world, on whose dominions the sun never set. It also passed through death to a higher life.

So, too, it was with Holland. In the middle of the sixteenth century Holland was a prosperous colony under the government of Spain. The King of Spain endeavored to destroy her of religious liberty, and crush the reformed religion by terrible persecution. These few weak provinces resisted the boasted strength of the Spanish empire, and won their liberty of thought, and with it they became one of the great naval and mercantile powers of Europe. Through terrible suffering they passed to a new and higher national life.

In all these cases it was the *endurance* of the suffering that produced the future resurrection. If Greece, or Spain, or Holland had surrendered liberty for the sake of peace—if they had compromised with the King of Persia, or the Caliph, or Philip—if they had agreed to concessions of any principle, their national life would have been gone forever.

We, as a nation, are now passing through a similar struggle. We are going through the valley of the shadow of death. We are either to cease to be—to sink into a poor miserable worn out existence, without vitality, or we are to rise into something grander and nobler than we have ever yet been.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

☞ When the price of a thing is inquired now-a-days, the phrase is "What's the postage on that?"

THE DISCOVERY OF SHOT-MAKING.

About seventy years ago, there lived in the town of Boston, England, a Mr. William Watts, a plumber and glazier. To this occupation he added that of a shot-maker. At that time shot-making was but a partially developed art, and consisted in letting drops of melted lead fall into a vessel of water from a height of but two or three feet, which caused the drops to suddenly cool in a rounded form. But as the metal did not thoroughly solidify before it reached the water, the sudden contact of it with the latter caused a slight indentation on the surface of every shot exactly at the point where it first touched the liquid. In fact it destroyed or rather prevented perfect sphericity, a slight imperfection to all appearance, but quite sufficient to prevent the little missiles from travelling in a straight line when sent from a gun.

Mr Watts was a bit of a sportsman himself, and seeing that with the shot as then made, he could not secure a certain aim, he investigated the matter, and soon came to the conclusion that that imperfect sphericity was the cause of the shot flying wide of the mark. The fault ascertained, the question next was how to correct it. He racked his brain day and night, hoping to discover some method of making a perfectly round shot; many were the experiments he made, but all in vain, and he at last gave up the idea in despair.

But Mr. Watts had a wife who was not so easily beaten, and she had set her wits to work also. She was a remarkably quiet, thoughtful woman, and took it into her head, that, as there was a cure for almost every ill, so there might be a remedy for bad shot. She was one of those who didn't know what impossibilities meant. This idea having entered her mind, there it remained, and we all of us know that if a woman sets her heart on accomplishing anything, accomplish it she will. Day after day she watched the process of shot-making, as she sat by the water tank knitting away for dear life, but saying never a word, though eye, brain, and fingers were not unemployed for a moment. So matters went on for many months. Mr. Watts became despording; his business fell off, and poverty stared him in the face. Rather than make imperfect shot, he cared not to make any, and he must have gone to ruin had it not been for a dream.

One night Mr. Watts was suddenly aroused from comfortable slumber by a vigorous shake of the shoulder. Rubbing his eyes, and "God blessing" himself he sat bolt upright in bed, and perceived with great surprise (for the moon was shining into the chamber) that his usually quiet wife was pacing the room, exclaiming, not "Eureka," but something very much to the same effect: "I've found out how to do it;" and then she added: "Get up directly, William, I've made your fortune!"

Mr. Watts was now thoroughly awake, and Mrs. Watts related her "vision of the night."

She had dreamed (or rather thought in her sleep) that, if the drops of molten lead were allowed to fall through the air from a considerable height, so as to get thoroughly hardened before they reached the water, their perfectly spherical forms would not be damaged by the contact therewith. The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, in great secrecy, tried the experiment. Opposite their house was a lofty old church tower—that of St. Mary Redcliff—and this tower was selected as the scene of operations. The sexton was a neighbor. From him the key was borrowed, and by eight o'clock Mr. Watts was there with a charcoal brazier, some lead, a bucket of water, and the shot card (or mold) as the implement was called, through which the melted lead was poured or strained to form drops. You may be sure they locked themselves in. The staircase of the tower was circular, so that a "well" was formed from the top to the bottom—just the thing required. At the summit Mr. Watts fixed his "card," while at the bottom Mrs. Watts stood beside the pail of water, on the added contents of which, before long, so much might depend.

All was at length ready, and down dropped the molten shower of glistening globules of metal. Hissing and spattering they fell into the water, until all the lead above was used, and then, with eager haste, Mrs. Watts plunged her hand into the now warm fluid, and drew some of the shot therefrom. Examining them eagerly she had the inexpressible delight of seeing that each and all were faultless—perfectly and entirely spherical. The problem was solved—the triumph achieved—and, as she said, she had made her husband's fortune.

Mr. Watts speedily procured a patent, and "Watts's Patent Shot" was patronized by King George the Third and his scapegrace son, the Prince of Wales. In fact, it speedily superseded all other sorts, and Mr. Watts in a brief period realized an enormous fortune. —*Commercial Bulletin.*

☞ Two Years of Secession.—The 20th of December, 1862, marks two years since the passage of the first ordinance of secession "to dissolve the Union, heretofore existing between the state of South Carolina and the other states of the American Union under the name of the United States of America." That ordinance, which more or less made secession an accomplished fact, and which opened the most terrible Pandora's Box of evils that ever poured its contents over a devoted land—was passed at Charleston on the 20th day of December, 1860, a date henceforth as accursed in the national history as the days of the Birth of Washington and of the Declaration of Independence have been blessed and honored.

☞ In the "Legend of the Tree of Life," published in New York, in 1775, occurs the following:—Trees and woods have twice saved the world—first by the *ark*, then by the *cross*; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree of Paradise, by *that* which was borne on the tree in Golgotha."

DESPATCH FROM GEN. BURNSIDE.

His Reasons for Crossing the Rappahannock—He Assumes the Whole Responsibility.

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Dec. 19, 1862.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-chief—General—I have the honor to offer the following reasons for moving the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock sooner than was anticipated by the President, Secretary, or yourself, and for crossing at a point different from the one indicated to you at our last meeting at the President's:—

During my preparations for crossing at the place I had first selected, I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his force down the river and elsewhere, thus breaking his defences in front, and also thought I discerned that he did not anticipate the crossing of our whole force at Fredericksburg, and I hoped, by rapidly throwing the whole command over at that point to secure, by a vigorous attack, the forces of the enemy on the river below from the forces behind, and on the crest, and in the rear of the town; in which case we could fight him with great advantage in our favor.

To do this we had to gain a height on the extreme right of the crest, which height commanded a new road lately made by the enemy for the purpose of more rapid communication along his line. With this point gained, his position along the crest would have been scarcely tenable, and he could have been driven from there easily by an attack on his front, in connection with a movement in the rear of the crest.

How near we came to accomplishing our object, future reports will show. But for the fog and unexpected and unavoidable delay in building the bridges, which gave the enemy twenty-four hours more to concentrate his forces in his strong positions, we would almost certainly have succeeded, in which case the battle would have been, in my opinion, far more decisive than if we had crossed at the places first selected. As it was, we came near success.

Falling in accomplishing the main object, we remained in order of battle two days—long enough to decide that the enemy would not come out of his strongholds to fight us with his infantry, after which we recrossed to this side of the river unmolested, without the loss of men or property.

As the day broke, our long lines of troops were seen marching to their different positions, as if going on parade. Not the least demoralization or disorganization existed.

To the brave officers and soldiers who accomplished the feat of thus recrossing in the face of the enemy I owe everything. For the failure in the attack I am responsible, as the plan was mine. Language cannot express the confidence shown by them was never excelled, and would have carried the points had it been possible.

To the families and friends of the dead, I can only offer my heartfelt sympathies, and for the wounded I can offer my earnest prayers for their comfort and final recovery.

The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on to this line rather against the opinion of the President, Secretary and yourself, and that you have left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me the more responsible.

I will write you very soon and give you more definite information, and finally will send you my detailed report, in which a special acknowledgment will be made of the services of the different Grand Divisions, Army Corps, and my general and personal staff—departments of the Army of the Potomac, to whom I am so much indebted for their support and hearty co-operation.

I will add here that the movement was made earlier than you expected, and after the President, Secretary and yourself requested me not to be in haste, for the reason that we were supplied much sooner by the different Staff Departments than was anticipated when I last saw you.

Our killed amounted to 1,152, our wounded about 9,000, our prisoners about 900, which have been paroled and exchanged for about the same number taken by us.

The wounded were all removed to this side of the river before the evacuation, and are being well cared for. The dead were all buried under a flag of truce.

The surgeons report a much larger proportion than usual of slight wounds, 1,659 only being treated in the hospitals. (Afterwards ascertained to be 6,000 more, about *half* of whom were in hospitals.—*Ed. Post.*)

I am glad to represent the army at the present time in good condition.

Thanking the Government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them.

I remain, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient, servant,
(Signed) E. A. Burnside,
Major-General Commanding Army of the Potomac.

The President's Thanks to the Army of the Potomac.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The President has issued the following:—

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Dec. 22.

To the Army of the Potomac:—I have just read your Commanding General's preliminary report of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than an accident. The courage with which you, in an open field, maintained the contest against an entrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you recrossed and withdrew the army, are beyond all praise. I say, know that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of the loyal Government.

Condoling with the mourners for the dead, and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively so small. I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

(Signed) Abraham Lincoln.

☞ A singular death was met the other day by John Quinn, living at Middletown, Conn. Quinn was engaged in butchering hogs, and in stepping backward he fell against the large tub of hot water used in scalding to bring off the hair, tumbled in, and was scalded to death. If one of the doomed hogs happened to see the operation, how he must have gloated over the fate of poor Quinn.

☞ A terrible instance of punishment for a thoughtless oath is thus related by a correspondent writing from the 104th Ohio regiment. One of the boys got out of humor because he had to prepare for a dress parade. He swore he hoped that Jesus Christ would strike him dumb if he went. He was prevailed upon, however, to go, and the next morning he was speechless. The wretched man cried bitterly, but it was too late. He had prayed and was answered.

Beet Sugar.—Professor A. Mott, of Licking county, Ohio, writes to the Cleveland Herald an account of his experiments in making sugar from beets. He says that he works about one thousand pounds of beets in forty minutes, and twelve hours after obtains therefrom good crystalized sugar, which, being drained and dried, is equal to the best specimens of the Louisiana product. Though the season was unfavorable, one acre of good, well-manured land yielded thirty-five tons of beets, and nine acres of dry, unmanured soil, yielded fifty-five tons. The crop averaged nine tons of beets to the acre. The professor adds:—The cost of planting, cultivating and harvesting is $300; therefore my beets cost $5.50 per ton. All my neighbors say that they can raise beets for less than half this price. With two men and two horses (the power works only during two hours), I have manufactured 4,000 pounds of beets in one day, at the cost of $2.50. The price of my sugar is, therefore, established as follows:—

4,000 lbs., or 2 tons beets, at $5.50,	$0.00
Work one day,	2.50
Half-a-cord wood,	.50
Chemicals,	.75
Rent, wear and apparatus,	.65
Total,	$11.00

My beets contain 15 per cent. of sugar. Supposing that I extract only 5 per cent. (and say nothing of pulp and molasses), namely, 200 pounds, the cost of sugar is 5½ cents per pound. With a favorable season, improved machinery and better management, it may be safely asserted that good, fair, crystalized brown sugar may be made in Ohio at less than four cents per pound.

Awful and Solemn Death.—The Scotch papers report an accident, which, though it involved only one life, contains more of the true elements of horror, strikes more sharply on the fine chords of human terror, than many a great and meaningless catastrophe. Thomas Loch, a dock laborer, was working on a ship, just beached near Wigtown, when she keeled over, and the bulwark fell on his chest. The tide was fast coming up, and it was evident that in an hour the wretched man would be drowned unless the weight could be removed from his chest. All the place turned out to help, but the weight was immovable, and the tide flowed on remorselessly. A clergyman stepped forward into the water, and prayed with the unhappy victim. A napkin was at his own request placed over his face that he might not see the tide, and so, up serenely without complaint, he lay till the waters closed over his head, while the townsmen, gathered round in helplessness, sobbed aloud.

Wrought Iron Cars.—The N. Y. Central Railroad Company are having constructed a number of cars, wrought iron cars, the invention of a Frenchman. These cars are much lighter than the ordinary wooden ones and much stronger, besides being almost entirely secure from accidents. If they come in collision with other cars, or are thrown off the track, or tumbled down an embankment or through a bridge, they may be badly dented but they will remain whole. No loss of life can possibly occur from splinters or the breaking out of the sides, top or bottom. No damage to the person other than a jam or squeeze can be encountered in these wrought iron cars, and the belief is that in time they will entirely supersede the wooden passenger cars now in general use.

☞ Terrible consternation was created in the Milwaukie depot, a few days ago, by a soldier of a departing regiment kissing a young lady by mistake, believing her to be his wife. She was only appeased upon discovering that the martial blunderer wore a very handsome whisker, and that his wife's bonnet was identical in shape and trimming with her own, which had led to the mistake.

☞ Artemus Ward reports that at one of the spiritual circles recently held at the White House in Washington, the question was asked, if the spirit of Andrew Jackson was present. The reply was, "No, not much." It was then asked, "Has the spirit of Jackson been here recently?" to which the reply was given that "the spirit of Jackson had not been within a hundred miles of Washington for a good many years." We may add to Artemus's account, however, that the spirit of Washington said he was about "occasionally."

☞ The writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have executed in person many of that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in after years, with great glee, an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home when it occurred, and a slave arrived out of breath to inform him of the disaster. After learning the general destruction, he inquired:—"But were none of my books saved?" "No, massa," was the reply, "but we saved the fiddle!"

☞ The great orator, Burke, had once risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a roughhewn member started up and said:—"Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. Burke was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated with rage, as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the house. George Selwyn remarked that it was the only time he had seen the fable realized. "A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass."

☞ Some interesting fragments of pillars, taken from a tomb at Memphis, have been recently brought to England by Sir Charles Nicholson, and are now temporarily deposited at Mr. Hensman's 113a, Strand. The pillars are square in form, each side being sculptured, and bearing the effigy of the person to whom the tomb belongs, with his name and titles. From the inscription it appears that the deceased was named *Mes-a-e*. Moses—that he was the son of one Hai, or Hui, and that he was a scribe or officer of the treasury of Pash at Memphis.

☞ A Caution.—This is a dangerous period of the year for colds. People should be careful. Mrs. Partington says she has got a romantic affection in her shoulders, the neurology in her head, and the catabarge in the region of the jockular vein; and all from opening the window to throw a bottle at a couple of belligerent cats on the shed.

☞ A Frenchman says that the carelessness of the Briton's dress arises from there being so much foggy weather that one cannot be seen.

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1863.

MONTHS	Sunday, 1st Day	Monday, 2d Day	Tuesday, 3d Day	Wednesday, 4th Day	Thursday, 5th Day	Friday, 6th Day	Saturday, 7th Day
JANUARY,					1	2	3
1st Month	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
FEBRUARY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
2d Month	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
MARCH,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
3d Month	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
APRIL,				1	2	3	4
4th Month	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
MAY,						1	2
5th Month	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
JUNE,		1	2	3	4	5	6
6th Month	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
JULY,				1	2	3	4
7th Month	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
AUGUST,	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
8th Month	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
SEPTEMBER,	6	7	8	9	2	4	5
9th Month	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
OCTOBER,					1	2	3
10th Month	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
NOVEMBER,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
11th Month	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
DECEMBER,			1	2	3	4	5
12th Month	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		

NEWS ITEMS.

ONE of the waiters in the Phœnix Hotel at Lexington, Ky., describes his experience with the rebel officers who harried them during Bragg's invasion. He says: "Every one of dem made his own money, and dey was berry free wid it, coz dey knowed it didn't cost nuffin. One gentleman gave me five dollars for breakfast; he was a Kentuck I think; he was very kine; but it it was all the same to him I'd rather hab a dime. He told me den I was Yankee nigger, and didn't gib me nuffin."

THE 73d Illinois regiment is commanded throughout by Methodist preachers.

THE Journal of Commerce accounts for the decline of the price of silver, as compared with gold, in the fact that hitherto there has been an ample outlet to Canada at a price within five per cent. of the value of gold; but the over supply has induced the Canada bankers to charge six per cent. upon such deposits, and this is felt in the New York market, chiefly in the widening of the quarter on gold between buying and selling prices.

THE trade tables for the port of New York for the week ending Saturday, show an aggregate export of produce, merchandize and specie, valued at very nearly five million dollars, and an aggregate import of two and a half millions.

A CASE OF HUMAN PETRIFACTION.—The New Bedford Mercury says:—"A singular circumstance, which occurred in Acushnet since, has recently come to our knowledge. Upon exhuming the body of Mrs. Sarah Wood, wife of Arnold Wood, of Westport, thirteen years after burial, it was found that petrifaction had taken place. Like a marble statue the deceased appeared, perfect in form and features, and retaining a natural and lifelike expression. The dress and inside coffin of pine were also petrified and white as marble. The body was reinid in the cemetery at Westport."

SINGULAR PLACE FOR MONEY.—A large sea-gull was shot on the Cambridge (Mass.) bridge one day last week, and in his mouth was a good five dollar bill, which the sportsman found no difficulty in passing.

IT is proposed to light the British Museum from the outside, as the trustees are afraid of introducing gas. Reflectors are to be used for transmitting the rays into the building.

INVENTIVE genius is been operating upon the eye of a needle, and produced an improvement which enables the needle to be threaded as well by the blind as by the sharp sighted. It is done by means of a cup point in the eye of the needle. By laying the thread over the eye and drawing it down to the joint, that portion of the eye under the lap is depressed and admits the thread into the eye. This is a small but it is said to be a very useful invention.

CAUSE OF DIVORCE.—Mary Ann Ryders, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has applied for a decree of divorce from her husband, on the ground he is an officer and doing service in the rebel army.

A MAN in Cincinnati was awakened the other night by a severe pain and a sensation of something crawling in his ear, and being satisfied that some insect had taken refuge there, he endeavored to remove it, but without success. The pain being very severe, he applied to a doctor, who skillfully probed the ear, and removed, by force meat, a cockroach eight inches long.

THE elections yet to be held for Representatives in the next Congress, in the states likely to elect any except persons in Louisiana (in one or two districts), will be held as follows:—New Hampshire, on the second Tuesday in March, 1863; Rhode Island, first Wednesday in April, 1863; Connecticut, first Monday in April, 1863; Maryland, first Wednesday in November, 1863; Kentucky, first Monday in August, 1863; California, first Tuesday in September, 1863; Virginia, fourth Thursday in May, 1863; North Carolina, (time not yet specified); Tennessee, (time not yet specified.)

REV. H. C. Fay, D.D., of Newark, N. J., has taken one fifty dollar premium offered through the Observer and Independent for the best treatise on profanity. The speech was made from about one hundred manuscripts, and this is the third premium which the same author has taken.

LIEUT. HENRY B. Beecher, a son of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, has recently distinguished himself in handling his section of the 5th Artillery, in a skirmish on the Rappahannock.

A DISPATCH from New York says that out of an appropriation of over a million and a half dollars for expenses in recruiting and organizing volunteers, nearly $800,000 has been paid on fraudulent accounts. There are probably more rascals in the city of New York, than in all the other cities of the Union.

THE COST OF THE WAR.—One of the gravest charges which Englishmen have brought against us, is that of extravagance in the conduct of the war. We are free to confess that the charge is true, for we have been too peaceable a nation to learn the economies of war. It may be instructive, however, to know what wars cost a nation whose power and influence have been won and sustained by the sword, and which prides itself in doing everything more cheaply than its neighbors.

An instructive piece of testimony on this head has just come to us in the pages of Sir Stafford Northcote's new book on the finances of Great Britain for the last twenty years. From this authentic source we learn that the cost of the Crimean war to Great Britain was $387,945,000, and that $210,000,000 of this sum was added by it to the national debt. The war lasted less than two years, and the British army engaged in it at no one exceeded 25,000, while for a considerable part of the time it was reduced to a much lower figure by disease and the casualties. At the same rate, it would cost us to maintain an army of 500,000 men, for two years, $7,758,-000,000; and our expenditures up toghis time, assuming that we have had a million of men in the service for a year (which is within the truth) would fall little short of $3,000,-000,000, an amount equal to the national debt of Great Britain; and about six times what we have actually expended. John Bull will please overhaul his figures, and "make a note out."—*Springfield Republican.*

A MAN named Seisering, in Weissberg, had the mail-route to be drafted from this district, and was in attendance at Dresden, which so frightened him that he straightway came to this place and hired Mr. William Mohr, barber, as a substitute, paying him $1,000. Mr. Mohr proceeded to camp at Philadelphia, but upon agreement on Wednesday coming down considerable, he in turn procured a second substitute, to take his place at $400. He then returned home to this place, having made $600 by the operation. A profitable and clean shave.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues dull and drooping. Sales reach about 5000 bbls at $6@6,12½ for low grade and good superfine; $6,37½@6,75 for extras; $6,87½@7,50 for extra family, and $7,50@8,50 for fancy lots, including 1000 bbls City Mills, on terms kept private. Rye Flour is unsettled and lower, with sales of 500 bbls at $5,00@5,25 ₰ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, with small sales of Pennsylvania Meal at $5,75 ₰ bbl, which is an advance. Brandywine is held at $4.25. Buckwheat Meal continues scarce and high.

GRAIN.—Comes in slowly, and Wheat meets with a steady demand at previous quotations, with sales of 44,000 bus at 146@148c for Western and Pennsylvania reds, the latter for prime lots, in store; 150c for Pennsylvania and 152c for Southern, afloat, and from 165c to 180c for white, including some prime Kentucky at the highest figures. Rye is scarce and selling at 94@95c for old, and for prime Pennsylvania. Corn is unsettled and lower, and about 20,000 bus only found buyers at 86@87c for old and 79@77c for new yellow, as to condition. Oats are steady and selling more freely; 35,000 bus have been taken at 41c@44c, the latter for heavy lots, including some sold at 42c for 32 lbs. Barley and Malt remain inactive and, small sales of the former at 135c@145c, and the latter at 150c.

PROVISIONS.—There is more demand for bbld Meats, and Mess Pork is in steady request at $14 6@14,; for old and $13@6@14,₰ bbl for new, and little offering. Dressed Hogs sell at 6½@6¾c for the 100 lbs. Mess Beef ranges at $12@15 ₰ bbl. Bacon moves off slowly at 9@10c for plain and fancy Hams; 8@8½c for Shoulders, and 6½@6¾c for Sides. Green Meats are in good demand for, and prices range at 8@8c for Hams and 4½@4¾c for Shoulders. Lard is steady, with a moderate business doing at 9@9¾c for bbls and tcs, the latter for prime, and 10½@11c for country; country is quoted at 9@10c as in quality. Butter is less active and rating at 15@22c, the latter for choice dairies. Cheese is unchanged and taken slowly at 10@11c ₰ lb. Eggs are steady at 26@27c ₰ dozen.

COTTON.—The stocks and receipts continue light, and the market is firm. Sales comprise about 250 bales, in lots, at 65@66c for ordinary, and 66@68c for middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES—Both kinds are inactive and prices without any material change.

BARK.—There is a steady demand for Quercitron, with further sales of about 15 hhds at 30c for 1st No 1, Tanners Bark is unchanged, with light offerings and sales.

BREAD.—There is very little doing, and good Yellow is held at 41@42c ₰ bbl without taking buyers.

COAL.—The active season is about over, and orders come in slowly, prices however, are unchanged and the market very quiet.

COFFEE.—A small invoice of Laguayra has arrived, but the market is nearly bare in first hands, and the demand limited at previous quotations; sales comprise only about 200 bags in lots, mostly at 38@39c, cash and time.

COPPER continues dull. Of Yellow Metal prices are steady at 52c for sheets, and 30c ₰ lb for bottoms, on time.

FEATHERS.—There are but few offering or selling, and the demand is limited at 52@53c ₰ lb.

FRUIT is selling rather more freely at $1,-62½ for Green Apples, and 450@12 ₰ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is steady, and the receipts and sales moderate at 5@6c for Apples, and 8@8½ ₰ lb for unpared Peaches.

HAY is firm, and selling at 70@80c per 100 lbs.

HEMP is firm, but there is nothing doing, the stock being nearly all in the hands of manufacturers.

HIDES are unchanged, and about the usual business doing at 20@22c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market for Pig Metal is firmer and quiet, the transactions have been mostly at 30@-32½, cash and time per lb; the latter for Anthracite Scotch Pig; small sales are reported at 32½@33c, cash and 4 mos. In manufactured iron there is no change, and a fair business doing at quoted prices.

LEAD is unchanged, and a further sale of 150 bars is reported at 7c ₰ lb.

LUMBER is moderately wanted, and commands full prices. Lathes are scarce and held above the views of buyers.

MOLASSES.—There is very little doing and the sales are confined to a few small lots Cuba on terms kept private and some 500 bbls New Orleans, mostly to arrive, at 46@47½c, cash.

PLANTER.—There is very little offering, and salt is wanted at 80c ₰ bus.

RICE.—There is very little offering, and Foreign is held for full prices. N E Rum is firm at 30@35c. Whiskey continues scarce, and prices of the moment are about selling to the trade at 41 @43c; hhds, tcs and bbls.

SUGAR is firmer, with sales of about 600 hhds, mostly New Orleans, at 9½@10c, on time chiefly at the latter rate, and 9½@9¾c, by auction, at 9@9 10c, cash.

TALLOW.—The demand is limited and the market quiet at 10½c for city, and 10½c for country.

TOBACCO.—There is very little demand for either Leaf or Manufactured, and prices remain unchanged.

WOOL.—Buyers and sellers are apart in their views, a few lots of Fleece and Pulled have changed hands at 60@62c for the former and 52@55c for the latter, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1139 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 10 cts ₰ lb. 80 Cows brought from $20 to 50 ₰ head. 2000 Sheep were sold at 5@6c ₰ lb, gross. 1500 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 6,75 ₰ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.;
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HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A SCORBING Power of the Human Skin.—Dr. Murray Thompson, lecturer on chemistry at the Edinburgh School of Medicine, relates some experiments which he tried on his own person to ascertain the truth of the statements made as to the curative power of mineral water baths, depending on the absorption by the skin of certain salts and other substances in which they hold in solution; and further, to ascertain whether certain substances applied in the form of ointments, &c., pass through the skin and reach the blood before they produce any beneficial effect. His conclusions are:—"1st. That only the absorption of the bath is greatly exaggerated, but in the case of substances in aqueous solution, it seems to be the exception, not the rule, for absorption to take place; and, in the case of ointments, &c., some substances so applied seem to be absorbed and others not." Mercury is absorbed by the skin, but Dr. Thompson's experiments have led him to conclude that the iodine of potassium, which is in very common use by doctors, is not absorbed, and its application may be abandoned.

REBEL CRUELTY.—That sterling patriot and unyielding Union man, Mr. John F. Phelps, of Plymouth, North Carolina, has arrived in Newbern, the picture of affliction and misery. It will be remembered that he was robbed of $6,000 in gold, the hard earnings and savings of a long and industrious life; and his houses were burnt, his valuable furniture destroyed, and—the worst infliction of all—*his wife shot dead by the rebels in their late raid upon Plymouth.* Captain Messinger, Provost Marshal, has appointed Mr Phelps to a post of some lucrative importance. The miserable rebel who boasts of having shot his wife belongs to the 17th North Carolina Infantry, and is named Joe Griffin.—*Letter from Newbern.*

A DUBLIN dentist has left a surgeon £50 to cut his head off before interment, so as to ease his mind about being buried alive.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. C. W. Adams, of Thompsonville, Conn., JOHN F. ADAMS, to KATE W. daughter of James C. Adams, both of this city.

At Winsdale, N. J., on the 24th ultimo, by the Right Rev. Dr. Odenheimer, Bishop of New Jersey, FRANCIS SQUIRE, of New York, to ANNIE DEAS, daughter of the Hon. Andrew K. Hay, of the former place.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. G. E. Haro, Mr. E. D. GILLETTE, to Miss KATE ATMORE, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, G. W. KNEPLEY, to SARAH D. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. G. C. Maddeo, of Medford, N. J., Mr. GEORGE C. WILEN, of this city, to SARAH S. DEACON, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. W. D. Pattee, Mr. JAMES STEWART, to Miss MARY ELLIOTT, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. R. J. Wilson, Mr. R. H. PECK, to Miss LOTTIE S. HALLOWELL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, Nov. 20th, 1862, at his residence in Lewis, Brown county, Ohio, from injuries received by a fall, ALEX. J. PARK, aged 56 years and 2 months.

At Germantown, Pa., on 30th day evening, 25th ultimo, RACHEL C. ALLEN, relict of Thomas S. Field, in her 78th year.

On the 25th ultimo, PHILIP SHROUD, in his 68th year.

On the 22d ultimo, EDWARD SHELLEY, aged 25 years.

On the 22d ultimo, ELIZABETH KING, aged 71 years.

On the 19th ultimo, WILLIAM W. STRICKLE, aged 34 years.

On the 20th ultimo, JOHN THOMAS, aged 67 years.

On the 21st ultimo, CHARLES H. VANSCIVER, in his 61st year.

At Falmouth, on the 18th ultimo, Col. WILLIAM B. HATCH, aged 54 years.

On the 19th ultimo, JOHN MUSTIS, in his 77th year.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. ABRAHAM BARNES, in his 58th year.

On the 19th ultimo, ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, relict of Wm. Campbell.

On the 23d ultimo, LIZZIE B. wife of John Gregory, in her 30th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 59 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 27, 1862.

Atlantic	...	Missouri	...
Commercial	1 dis.	New Brunswick	1 dis.
Chester Co.	...	New Hampshire	par
Del. Co.	1 dis.	Newport	par
Exchange	...	New York	par
Farmers	par	New York state	par
Franklin	par	North Carolina	5 dis.
Lancaster	par	Ohio	par
Lewis	1 dis.	Pennsylvania	par
Lehigh	...	Pennsylvania, new	par to 1 dis.
Mechanics	par	Pennsylvania	par
Manufacturers	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Maine	...	Delaware	par dis.
Merchants	1@2 dis.	Maryland	par
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Virginia	1 dis.
Northern Liberties	...	Western	1 dis.
Quakers	...	Wyoming	1 dis.
Susquehanna	...		

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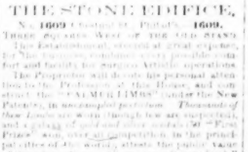

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1863.

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DAILY,	50,125.
SEMI-WEEKLY,	17,250.
WEEKLY,	148,000.
Aggregate,	215,375.

Pre-eminently a Journal of News and of Literature, THE TRIBUNE has political convictions, which are well characterized by the single word REPUBLICAN. It is Republican in its hearty adhesion to the great truth that "God has made of one blood all nations of men"—Republican in its assertion of the equal and inalienable rights of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—Republican in its steadfast, earnest, defiant hostility to every scheme and effort of the Slave Power, from the Annexation of Texas to the great Rebellion, to grasp the empire of the New World, and wield the resources of our country for the support and extension of Despotism in its antagonism to the aristocracies and despots of the Old World, who fondly hail in the perils and calamities suddenly thrust upon us by their American counterpart, the overthrow and ruin of the Model Republic—Republican in its hope and trust, its faith and effort, that this atrocious Rebellion must result in its signal overthrow: Its plotters, and the firm establishment of equal rights and equal laws throughout the whole extent of our country, wherein Liberty and Union shall indeed be one and inseparable," henceforth and forever.

THE TRIBUNE devotes attention in calmer times, and to some extent in those, to Education, Temperance, Labor, Literature, Invention, and whatever else may minister to the spiritual and material progress and well-being of mankind; but for the present its energies and its columns are mainly devoted to the invigorating and successful prosecution of the War for the Union. Its special correspondents accompany every considerable army, and report every battle and incident of that great struggle which we trust is soon to result in the signal and conclusive triumph of the National Union, and in the restoration of Peace and Thrift to our distracted, bleeding country. We believe that no otherwise can a fuller or more accurate view of the progress and character of this momentous conflict be obtained than through the regular perusal of our columns. And we earnestly solicit the co-operation of all friends of Human Rights in the signal overthrow of a plot as that of Universal Humanity, to aid us in extending its circulation.

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The enormous increase in the price of printing paper and other materials used in printing newspapers, compels us to increase the price of THE TRIBUNE. Our new terms are:

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"See, papa, a guardian angel must have taken care of this hammer, for it was out all night, and nobody carried it off."

One day, Freddie's little sister Carrie hearing her father and mother talking about a name for a new little baby brother, that had been given to them a short time before, said—"Mamma, why don't you name him 'hallowed?' It says in my prayer 'hallowed be thy name,' and I think it is a very pretty name too?"

A little girl in my family, of four summers, had seen for the first time a black woman, and was much impressed by her. At dinner I overheard her explaining to her younger sister, Lulu, the reason of the woman's color. "You see, Lulu, she was building a fire, and it wouldn't burn, and stooped to blow it, and the smoke went into her *face and made it black.*"

I then told her God had so created her. "But, mamma, why didn't God make *me* black, too?" Then, before I could answer, she added—"I'm *dreadful glad he didn't.*"

Little Joseph ——, a good minister's son, used particularly to resent having apples giving him which were at all defective. Once, in Sabbath school, the teacher was telling his class about the sufferings of Joseph of old. Little Joe gave strict attention, and the teacher thought, "Surely now the seed is falling in goodly soil;" when he looked up and anxiously inquired, "Did he have to eat specked apples, too?"

Little Genie, when a bee had stung him, said—"That bee acted just as if I was a flower, and he was getting honey."

One day Herbie had been told he must have no more cake, but finding one piece on a plate by itself, he took it, and going behind his mother's chair, stole one little arm lovingly around her neck, saying, "Mamma, this piece of cake looked so lonesome, I thought I must eat it. It was hard to punish a child for disobedience under such circumstances.

Another time, during a revival, his father appointed certain hours for conversing in his study with those who were anxious on the subject of religion. After awhile, Joseph (then only three years old) noticed that his father was very tired, and when the appointed time came round again, and the room was pretty well filled, one boy of eleven years being present, little Joe walked up to him, and said, "If you will step up stairs, *I'll* talk to you."

Johnny, the minister's son, went to his father one morning directly after family worship, saying, "Father, while you were praying, I saw a man in the garden stealing grapes."

"Well," answered the good man, "if you had been praying too, you would not have seen him."

"But, father," says Johnny, "don't the Bible say we are to *watch* as well as pray?"—*Little Pilgrim.*

Enlisting in "Der Sigel Guards."

On a recent saunter through the old District of the Northern Liberties, we passed a recruiting station, where a placard announced that recruits would be received for the "Sigel Guards." A crowd of idlers stood around and listened to the eloquent appeals of a portly Teuton, who was attired in a sergeant's uniform. He held a glass of lager beer in his hand, while he thus expatiated upon the advantages to result from enlisting in his favorite corps: "Vell, shendlemens, I vill haf to promise you some intushements for you to list in nine koompany. Vel den, shendlemens, de first ding, so soon you put your name on de paper, you gits hundred sixty acre lands; den you gits hundred and fifty dollar pounty, you knows; den you gits anudder hundred dollar any time you schpeaks for him; dat is, speshin you vaits long kenuff. Den de next ding you goes out to te camp. Ven you kooms dere, de first ding in de mornin' you hear de trum peat; vell, dat ish for you get oop and hef goodall schnaaps; vell, you no vants der goodall schnaaps, you von't git him. Den you hears de trum peat again, unt de gorporal kooms round unt says: 'Shendlemens, blease to fall in.' Vell den, if you blease to falls in, you falls in, unt hif you don't vant to garry de musket yourself, you gits somebody to garry him. Vell den, pinunt-pi you here trum peat anudder times; dat's for preakfast. Vell den, for to preakfast you musht call for beefsteak, mooton schoop or anyding you likes; den you vaits till you git him. Shoost so you does mit te dinner. In der efenin' dere ish plenty pooty young kals kooms around, dreshed in vite, unt dey schpeaks mit you: 'Shendlemens, you so sooner go on der barade or go to de saloon unt haf little valse mit us?' Vell, you no oblige to go mit de kals hif you no vants to. Vell den, apout nine o'glock de drum he peats again; dat is de komblements of de kolhel to take glass vine mit him. You no likes to take glass vine, you goes to schlefe. Mine krashus, shendlemens! vy you koom not in out of de draft, unt liebt in der Sigel Guards? Now koom in—put your name on der paper!" The eloquent eulogist of "der Sigel Guards" received no response to his appeals, except broad grins from the knowing ones, while we were present; but we have no doubt that his pleasant picture of camp life proved attractive to many, and that the ranks of his "koompany" were soon filled.

UNINTENDED WIT.

The man who makes a joke without intending it frequently amuses us more than the most ingenious of professional jokers—as when a milkman was charged with putting calves' brains in his milk, he answered "Brains! I never had such a thing in my head."

It was the same sort of a case when a juryman having asked the judge to excuse him from serving on account of deafness, the latter said:—"Couldn't you hear my charge to the grand jury?" "Yes—I heard it," said the man, "but I couldn't make any sense of it?"

At a religious public meeting, not long ago, a speaker was illustrating the ignorance that prevailed in the country, and said that a colporteur, going with tracts into the log house of a dweller on the Ohio, asked the woman if they had the Gospel there. She said, "No; but they have it dreadful bad about four miles below."

Worse than this, we have this week a letter from a chaplain in Arkansas, who says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked her, "If there were any Presbyterians around there?" She hesitated a little, and said, "She guessed not; her husband hadn't killed any since they had been there."

Opening a Dry Goods Store.—"What are you in jail for?" asked a visitor of a prisoner. He received the usual reply—"For nothing." "Well, what did you do?" "I opened a dry goods store." "Opened a dry goo'ds store?" said the visitor. "Why, they could not put you in prison for that." "Yes, but they did, though," replied the prisoner; "I opened it with a crowbar and a bill."

PRAYING TO THE POINT.

It is related of a certain lawer in New England—noted for his over-reachings and shortcomings,—that during a revival he came under conviction, and requested prayers for the furtherance of his conviction. His appeal was responded to by one of the saints—an eccentric but very pious old man,—honest, plain, blunt, square-toed and flat-footed, who thus went at it:—"We do most earnestly entreat Thee, oh Lord, to sanctify our penitent brother, here; fill his heart with goodness and grace, so that he may hereafter forsake his evil ways and follow in the right path. We do know, however, that it is required of him who has appropriated worldly goods to himself unlawfully and dishonestly, that he shall make restitution fourfold; but we do beseech Thee to have mercy on this our erring brother as it would be impossible for him to do that, and let him off for the best he can do without beggaring himself entirely, by paying twenty five cents on the dollar.

The next applicant at the same meeting was an elderly maiden who got her living by going into different families and spinning for them. She, also, had been famous for her short comings—never giving full counts on her yarn; the forty threads to a knot was a point which she never reached. The blunt old man thus briefly disposed of her case:—"Reform, oh Lord, the heart of Thy handmaid here before Thee, we beseech Thee; and wilt Thou enable her to count forty?" In this connection we are reminded of an anecdote related of a country merchant Down East, who was noted for his dishonesty. Suddenly, and to the surprise of those who knew him, he became very pious and joined the orthodox church. One Sunday evening, while exhorting the brethren, he remarked that he had done many things for which he felt sorry, and he deemed it his duty to make full restitution to those he had wronged. He therefore notified all such that if they would call at his store, he would do so. About four o'clock the next morning, a gentleman called at the merchant's house and aroused him from his bed. Raising the window, he demanded the business of his visitor at that early hour in the morning—

"Is this Mr. W——?"

"That is my name."

"Well, I understand you have offered to make restitution to those you have cheated. You will remember that upon one occasion I suffered by you to the extent of fifty dollars, and I have called to get it."

"Why did you not wait until proper hours and then call at the store?"

"Simply because I thought if I did, there would be such a deuce of a rush there that I would not get anything!"

PRESERVING FLOWERS IN SAND.

Those of our readers who attended the late Horticultural Fair in this city, did not fail to notice those two framed wreaths of natural flowers, that hung upon the wall near the horticultural tools. They were the admiration of all, and many times did we hear visitors wondering by what process they were thus preserved in their natural form and colors. It is this:

Get the finest and whitest of river or lake sand, wash it so clean that the water when flowing from it will be pure as if from the well. Heat it very hot, and while hot mix it thoroughly with stearic acid in the proportion of one lb. of the latter to 100 lbs. of sand. Let it cool. Take a small common sieve, and nail boards under the bottom to prevent the sand from running through; place enough sand in the sieve to hold the flowers in position—not covering them; then with a sheet of paper twisted in the form of a cone or tunnel, carefully let the sand pass through it, between, around and over the flowers—cover about half an inch. Set by the stove or in some warm place where the sand will be kept at a temperature of about 70 deg Farenheit. When they have remained sufficiently long, remove the boards carefully from the bottom, and let the sand run out, leaving your flowers preserved in perfection.

The only difficulty is to know when the process is complete, different plants differing in the time required. Those with thick leaves and petals needing more than light ones. Seven hours are sufficient for some, while others require twelve and even more. Experience alone can determine this. It is best always for a beginner to experiment with a single plant at a time at first. When he has succeeded with a certain variety and noted the time required, he can proceed to others, and in a short time become versed in this art. It should be mentioned that the flowers for this purpose should be picked dry—say mid day, after the dew is all evaporated.—*Prairie Farmer.*

DIANA.—"Yes, what everybody says is true—a girl really never does look half so well as in her riding habit."

STORY OF A POEM.

Few poems of the present time have had wider circulation than the beautiful lines of Mrs. Akers—more widely known under the *nom de plume* of Florence Percy—entitled "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." They have been published by nearly every newspaper in the land, printed in books, set to music, and sung and recited in thousands of house holds. The sentiment they breathe of a longing for a mother's care and a return to the unburdened hours of childhood comes home to the hearts of all who have experienced—and who has not?—the heart-aches of this weary world.

Like most poems which have attained a wide newspaper circulation these verses have met with a variety of adventures and mishaps. They have, in some instances, been shorn of their fair proportions, in others laid claim to by ambitious aspirants for poetical honors, and again have had appended to them a romantic history quite sufficient on which to found a three volume novel. An instance of the latter kind we find in the *Merced Banner*, a California newspaper, to which one "J. W." contributes a very affecting history of the author of "Rock Me to Sleep." He is "not at liberty to give her name," but furnishes her with a career as full of romance and misfortune as any novel reader could desire. After the usual accompaniments of an elopement, an unwor thy husband, "a cruel parent," who is made to relent by the perusal of this poem, written on a sick bed with a view to a reconciliation, the veracious "J. W." finally ends the author's "strange eventful history," by killing her off with hereditary consumption, "three years ago." The San Francisco Sunday Mercury copies this imaginative narrative, the editor sagely remarking that "the story is not new to us," and appending a mutilated copy of the now famous verses. And this is fame! The authoress, however, should not complain—she may thank her stars that she is yet permitted to live.

Again, we learn that in a western city, a married lady whose maiden name—singularly enough—was Florence Percy, is gratifying a desire for literary honors by claiming this poem as her own production.

The true history of the poem may be given in a few words. It was written by Mrs. Akers in Rome, during her visit to that city a few years since, and sent to a friend in this city, who caused it to be published in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, in which paper it first appeared in print. It is not to be found in Mrs. Akers's volume of poems as it was written some years after the book was published.—*Portland Transcript.*

Why a Lamp Wick Does Not Burn.—If we take a piece of lamp wicking and place it in the flame of a lamp it is immediately consumed, but the same kind of wicking placed in the lamp and lighted at the top, lasts the whole evening, and if the lamp is supplied with alcohol the wick is not even charred. The cause of this was a perfect mystery until a hundred years ago, when Dr Black, of Glasgow, discovered the principle of latent heat. As the oil or the alcohol comes near the flame it is evaporated, and by this change in its form a large quantity of heat is destroyed, or rather is rendered latent so that it does not manifest itself in any way. It requires a great quantity of heat to change a liquid into vapor, so that the evaporation always cools surrounding objects. The wick is cooled by the evaporation of the oil or alcohol below the temperature at which it will burn.

Dr. Black's discovery suggested to Watt his great improvement in the steam engine, condensing the steam in a separate vessel from the cylinder. Watt attended Dr. Black's lectures.

Greed of Gold.—When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome, near the Barrier de Passy, the shop of a poor cobbler, named Simon, stood in the way. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded twenty thousand francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it; but Simon, goaded by the greed of gain, now asked forty thousand francs. The sum was more than two hundred times its value, and the demand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to sixty thousand francs. He was offered fifty thousand, but refused. The Emperor would not give a franc more, and preferred to change his plans. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for fifty thousand francs, for forty thousand, thirty thousand, coming down at last to ten thousand. The disasters of 1814 happened, and all thoughts of a palace for the King of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for one hundred and fifty francs, and in a few days after the sale was removed to an insane asylum: disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

Singular Phenomenon.—On many of our creepers as in the lily and common gourd, a kind of fever heat is perceptible at times of inflorescence. Sometimes it is in paroxysms, then again it rises and falls gradually, the heat increasing from 60 even to 120 degrees. Some have connected this peculiarity of certain plants with the ability of others to emit phosphorescent light. The common nasturtium, if plucked out of a bright sunshine and at once taken to a dark room, will in a few moments become visible to the eye, from its emission of a gentle light. In fact, most of our orange colored flowers, such as marigolds, &c., in a serene summer evening, will give out light, sometimes even in emitting sparks. Lichens, creeping along the roofs of caverns, lend an air of enchantment to all the place by the clear, soft light they diffuse.

Agricultural.

FORCE—MEN AND HORSES COMPARED.

Desaguilier's Experimental Philosophy gives much information on the subject. The horse draws with the greatest advantage, when the line of direction is level with his breast; in such a situation he is able to draw 200 pounds eight hours a day, walking about two miles and a half an hour. This, of course, does not relate to the weight of the wagon, or load, but to the amount of force he exerts upon the shafts. If the same horse be made to draw 240 pounds, he can work but six hours, and cannot go so fast. On a carriage, where friction alone is to be overcome, a middling horse will draw 1,000 pounds. If a weight be suspended in a well by a rope, passing over a pulley, a horse will lift, when attached to this rope, but about 200 pounds. His feet cannot hold on to the ground with a force anything equal to his own weight operating against his line of travel.

Five men are equal in strength to one horse, and can with as much ease pull the horizontal beam of a mill occupying a circle of nineteen feet, while three men will do it in a walk forty feet wide.

A horse employs much less force when required to draw up hill; if the hill be steep, three men will do more than the horse, each man climbing up faster with a burden of 100 pounds weight, than a horse that is loaded with 300 pounds. This is due, of course, to the position of the parts of the body being better adapted to climbing than those of the horse. In a horizontal direction the quadruped has the advantage over the biped. Thus a man weighing 140 pounds, and drawing a body along by means of a rope coming over his shoulders, cannot draw above 27 pounds, or exert above one seventh part of the force of a horse employed for the same purpose.

The very best and most effectual force in a man, is that of rowing, wherein he not only acts with more muscles at once for overcoming the resistance, than in any other position; but as he pulls backward, the weight of his body assists as a lever for continuous labor.

The horse is enabled to do more work on a surface of variable figure, than in a very level country. Horses do not wear well if all the roads they draw upon be on an inclined plane or fixed gradation. Every change of figure in the surface, brings into action another set of muscles, so that all the muscles of the horse are in turn called upon to act on the varied surfaces, whereas those of a continued figure appeal to one set of muscles alone.—*Working Farmer.*

THE WAY THEY MAKE HOTBEDS IN GERMANY.

Take white cotton cloth of a close texture, stretch and nail it on frames of any size you wish; take two ounces of lime water, four ounces linseed oil, one ounce of white of eggs, two ounces yolk of eggs, mix the lime and oil with very gentle heat, beat the eggs well separately, mix them with the former; spread the mixture with a paint brush over the surface of the cotton, allowing each coat to dry before applying another, until they become water-proof. The following are the advantages this shade possesses over a glass one: 1. The cost being hardly one-fourth. 2. Repairs are easily made. 3. They are light. They do not require watering, no matter how intense the heat of the sun; the plants are not struck down or burnt, faded or checked in growth; neither do they grow up so long, sick and weakly as they do under glass, and yet there is abundance of light. 4. The heat arising entirely from below, is more equable and temperate, which is a great object. The vapor arising from manure and earth is condensed by the cool air passing over the shade, and stands in drops on the inside, and therefore do not require as frequent watering. If the frames are large, they should be intersected by cross bars about a foot square, to support the cloth. These articles are just the thing for bringing forward seeds in season for transplanting.

Dry Food for Hogs.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: Many hogs are kept comparatively poor by the high dilution of their food. They take in so much water that there is not room for a good supply of nutriment. Hence the reason that those farmers who carefully feed undiluted sour milk to their hogs, have so much finer animals than those who give them slops. The hog has not room for much water; and if food which contains much is fed to him, it makes him big-bellied, but poor." Hogs, as well as all other animals, should be allowed all the water they will drink, but it should not be mixed with their food in excessive quantity.

Loss of Weight in Salting Pork.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph says he finds it more profitable to sell pork at the usual killing time than to salt it, as it loses much in weight. Last fall he killed two hogs which weighed 659 pounds; after drying and salting in the usual manner, they only weighed 411 pounds. That is to say, 100 pounds of fresh meat only gave 62 pounds of cured pork, or a loss of 38 per cent.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

How to Cook a Rabbit.—L. E. Palmer, Luzerne Co., Pa., writes to the American Agriculturist:—At the present season, country families, especially those which number a trap setting juvenile or two, are coming into possession of various "small deer" of this sort. Many question whether it is "worth while" to dress and cook these chance acquisitions. Plain housekeepers are apt to be shy of wild game, from the idea that it requires some intricate process to render it really excellent. Rabbits cooked in the following simple way are pronounced better than that great standard of comparison—"chicken." Prepare for stewing the same as with fowls, and after par-boiling, change the water, adding salt. Three hours steady stewing is not too much for an old rabbit; the great point is to get it tender, but not ragged. When cooked, add two-thirds of a teacup of butter, and stir in while boiling, two tablespoonfuls of flour in a cup of water, then a little pepper. Toast to surface brown, but do not harden, three slices of bread; butter them freely while hot, lay on the platter, and pour the stew over them.

To Make Mutton Sausages.—Take one pound of underdone mutton, one pint of oysters, a slice of fat pork, a slice of bread or two crackers, and one beaten egg. Add the egg after the other ingredients have been chopped fine, season with pepper, sage and sweet-marjoram. If you have no pork, beef-suet will answer, with the addition of salt. Make into cakes, roll them in flour, and fry a light brown—and you will have a dish, beside which pork sausages are "*nowhere.*"

Pumpkin Pudding.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk a quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wine glass of rose-water and two glasses of wine mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put into a buttered dish, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Pumpkin Bread.—Contributed to the American Agriculturist, by S. Washburn, Westchester Co., N. Y. Stew one small pumpkin, in the same manner as for pies; while boiling, stir in Indian meal until it becomes of the consistence of mush, adding a teacup of molasses and a little salt. Then take it out in some wheat flour—have your sponge light—and when sufficiently cool, mix, mould and bake.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 3, 13, 15, 5, 12, 17, 16, 9, 1, 11, is a place of worship.

My 16, 6, 7, 5, 12, 18, carries blood.

My 3, 8, 9, 4 is a kind of marble.

My 4, 16, 14, 7, is to stop.

My 10, 17, 2, 9, 10, 1, 5, is a part of the fingers.

My 20, 13, 9, 4, 7, is a kind of vessel.

My 10, 19, 13, 9, 10, 18, signifies being cunning or crafty.

My whole is the address of the person who started the first daily paper in Rochester, and is at present editor of two agricultural papers.

W. L. T.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 22, 12, 15, is a numeral adjective.

My 19, 20, is an abbreviation.

My 3, 13, 12, was an Eastern woman.

My 6, 20, 15, 11, is a boy's name.

My 9, 16, 17, 10, 2, is a girl's name.

My 9, 20, 13, 14, 8, is the capital of one of the United States.

My 4, 20, 5, 19, is not sugar.

My 21, 1, 12, 19, 2, 3, 15, was a good Christian man.

My 18, 17, 7, is the name of an animal.

My whole is devoted to the interest of the public.

E. P.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The father has taken his child on his knee,
A fair and beautiful boy,
And as he lisps aloud my first,
The father's heart swells with joy.

As we journey through the pathway of life,
My next we must earnestly do,
If to all the kind friends that surround us,
We'd ever prove faithful and true.

When thunder and clouds through the sky did roll,
And the boundless sea was dark,
My next issued forth on the rolling wave,
For truly my third is a bark.

My whole may be seen on a winter's eve,
His family clustering around,
Listening intent to the stories he tells,
And the Scriptures he does expound.

LETA.

CHARADE.

My first is an instrument, which, though small, has more power than any monarch on earth. It is the lover's friend and the poet's pride; yet has overthrown kingdoms, ruined reputations, set folks together by the ears, and caused more destruction than plague, pestilence or famine. My second, though not quite so mischievous, is very destructive when in improper hands, and my whole, though employed against my first, is deemed its friend and improver.

A. C. W.

CHARADE.

My first can dim the sun's meridian ray,
In hardest iron my second eat a way;
My whole indulged will have their powers combined,
To cloud the judgment and corrode the mind.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a wall standing perpendicularly erect on level ground: A man, in order to reach the top of the wall, sets the feet of a ladder, which is sixty-five feet in length, at some distance from the wall, when he finds that it will not reach the top of the wall by 11 feet. He then carries the feet of the ladder 14 feet further in towards the wall, when he finds that it will now reach to within 3 feet of its top, and will thus give him a chance to climb up. From this I wish to know the height of the wall? and at what distance from the wall the feet of the ladder were set down the first time? and at what distance the second time?

HILDEBERT COPEL.

Dun's tip, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four positive integral numbers, such that the sum of every three of them shall be a cube number?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How far above the earth would a body fall from rest, so that its time of falling would be equal that of sound passing the same distance, its velocity being 1442 feet, 2 seconds, and the force of gravity 32.16 feet?

E. HAGERTY.

Baltimore.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a man not a man? Ans.—When he's three sheets in the wind.

☞ What is the difference between a caterpillar and the commander of a company? Ans.—One's a captain and the other a leaf-tenant.

☞ Why is a bad bill like a bad swimmer? Ans.—It can't contend with the current.

☞ Why is a patch of sweet corn like a dance? Ans.—Because its always liable to get it's ears pulled.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are 'it might have been.'"

—*Maud Muller, by J. G. Whittier.*

CHARADE.—Brat, rat, at.—CHARADE—Draft, raft, fat, at.—ANAGRAMS—Mary, Virginia, Georgiana, Juliet, Annette, Caroline, Eliza, Marianna.

☞ "It's a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" "Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."